PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIB
3001 9100 063 610 4

Res Rm
050
M691
(1955)
c.1

Petersburg High
School.
The Missile.

Petersburg Public Library
Petersburg, VA 23803-4257

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/missilethe1955pete

The

MISSILE

MAY 1955

The ALL AMERICAN CITY

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
PETERSBURG VIRGINIA

Petersburg High School

THE MISSILE

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XXXXIII — NO. 1 | PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA | MAY — 1955

TABLE OF CONTENTS

"PETERSBURG, ALL-AMERICAN CITY"

EDUCATION

Public Schools . . . . . *Buzz Nowlin* 3
Petersburg Public Library . . . . *Judith Schultz* 4

PUBLIC WELFARE

The New Hospital . . . . . *Barbara Mayfield* 7
Water System and Distribution Improvements . . . . . *Peggy Wilburn* 8
New Fire Station . . . . . *Judy Ford* 9
Petersburg Tuberculosis Association . . *Susan Elliott* 10
The Petersburg Police Boys' Club . . *Eileen Dorsk* 11
Municipal Recreation Program . . *Maynard Moore* 12
The Southside Emergency Crew . . . *Shelly Davis* 14

INDUSTRIES

Tobacco in Petersburg . . . . . *Betty Harvey* 17
Titmus Optical Company . . . . *Maynard Moore* 18
Seward Trunk & Bag Company . . . *Irving Lewis* 19
The Farm Market Center . . . . . *Eileen Dorsk* 21

TRANSPORTATION

Improved Transportation Condition . . *Susan Elliott* 23

PETERSBURG OF THE PAST

At the Falls of the Appamattucks . . *Buzz Nowlin* 25
The Battle of the Crater . . . *Ira Lee Andrews* 27
Centre Hill Mansion . . . . . *Judith Schultz* 28
Old Blandford Church and Cemetery . . . . . *Ira Lee Andrews* 29
The Court House . . . . . *Kay Scoggin* 31

CITIZEN ACTION

The Community Chest . . . . . *Ann Pope* 33
The Willingness of Citizens on Defense Effort . . . . . *Barbara Mayfield* 34
The Garden Clubs . . *Ann Pope and Kay Scoggin* 35
Organizations Contributing to a Better Petersburg . . . . . *Maynard Moore* 36

FUTURE

Interview With Mr. Ash *Anne Gatling and Laura Yates* 39
Water Works Improvements . . . *Peggy Wilburn* 40
Television Station and Toy Industry . . *Anne Gatling and Laura Yates* 41

LITERARY SECTION

THE BRIGHT COLORED FEATHER . . . . *Arline Riley* 45
TRAPPED . . . . . *Mollie McDonald* 47
NEVER AGAIN . . . . . *Bill Roberson* 51
MY FATAL NIGHT . . . . . *Russell Early* 53
SUSPENSE . . . . . *Freddie Clements* 54
NO FUTURE . . . . . *Norman Jacobson* 55
THE CRIMSON WAVE IN REVIEW . . . . *Susan Elliott* 58
PROCRASTINATION'S RUSH . . . . . *Robert Elder* 59
LOST BIRTHDAY . . . . . *Evelyn Wyatt* 61
PARADE REST . . . . . *Bess Dupuy* 63

POEMS

THE FRECKLED-FACED BOY . . . . . *Kay Scoggin* 4
LOVE . . . . . *Joan Wright* 5
JOHN WILKES BOOTH . . . . . *John Haines* 5
DUSK . . . . . *Margaret Moore* 9
DISTANCE . . . . . *Barbara Mayfield* 11
NATURE'S SYMPHONY . . . . . *Scotty Steele* 13
CLOUDS . . . . . *Joan Parcells* 20
THE STORM . . . . . *Dottie Gill* 20
MUSIC . . . . . *Margo Hartle* 21
THE GREAT WATERS . . . . . *Betsy Hargrave* 28
LAST NIGHT . . . . . *Margo Hartle* 37
HIGH CALLING . . . . . *Carol Lavenstein* 39
SPRING . . . . . *Irving Lewis* 40
THE GRIM HISTORIAN . . . . . *Russell Early* 41
THEY TOLD ME . . . . . *Evelyn Wyatt* 49
I STAND ON CLIFFS . . . . . *Russell Early* 50
SIGNS OF SPRING . . . . . *Scotty Steele* 50
GOD REVEALED IN NATURE . . . . . *Susan Elliott* 52
MR. POE'S OLD RAVEN . . . . . *Hope Bulay* 64
A MEMORY . . . . . *Virginia Mann* 65
HOPE . . . . . *Hope Bulay* 65

* * *

ADVERTISEMENTS

MISSILE STAFF

EDITORIAL STAFF: *Editor-in-Chief*, Carol Woerner Lavenstein; *Associate Editors*, Ira Lee Andrews, Jr., Shelby Anne Davis, Eileen Rose Dorsk, Susan Carver Elliott, Judith Hope Ford, Anne Hubert Gatling, Betty Beryl Harvey, Lillian Irving Lewis, Barbara Ann Mayfield, Ernest Maynard Moore, Percy Conway Nowlin, Ann Claiborne Pope, Judith Schultz, Kay Whitehurst Scoggin, Margaret Louise Wilburn, Laura Radford Yates.

BUSINESS STAFF: *Business Managers*, Louise Scott Steele and William Graham Roberson, III; *Assistants*, Dorothy Leonard Gill, Mary Weisign Grossmann, Elizabeth Madison Hargrove, Betty Beryl Harvey, Carol Jean Krapp, Ben Levy, Joseph Wesley Oxendine, Bobbie Peroe, Jon Christian Peterson, Sally Kay Powell, Joan Maureen Wright.

CIRCULATION STAFF: *Circulation Manager*, Virginia Meade Mann; *Assistants*, Betty Jane Carrel, Margaret Fay Fields, Anne Wright.

ART STAFF: *Art Editor*, John Fairbanks Haines; *Artists*, Emily Reynolds Greever, Mollie Lee McDonald, Vita Marie Wall, Douglas Wayne James, William Branch Storey, Barbara Lee Dearing, Evelyn Bowen Wyatt, Ann Beverly Roper, Beverly May Jones, Adeline Anne Lange, Jacqueline Scott Dudson.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STAFF: *Editor*, Jean Ellen Kitchen; *Assistants*, Mary Fletcher Simmons, Lois Schmidt Jones; *Staff Photographer*, Janet Dean Congdon.

FACULTY ADVISERS: *Editorial*, Mr. Martin Andrews (Adviser), Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr. (Honorary Adviser); *Business*, Mr. James W. Sutherland; *Art*, Miss Mary Bailey, Mrs. Shirley Willcox; *Circulation*, Mr. A. W. Lloyd; *Photography*, Mr. E. B. Congdon.

Petersburg High School

Senior Section

1955

Class Poem . . .

By Hope Bulay

O, classmates, see in my chest
These treasures rich and rare:
I stole them all from school days
While you were unaware.

Sunny smiles each morning
As we met in the room
I've marked, "For Future Reference
To Chase Away the Gloom."

Your spirit that has borne us
Through all the trying years
I've labeled, "Keep This Handy;
It Helps Hold Back the Tears."

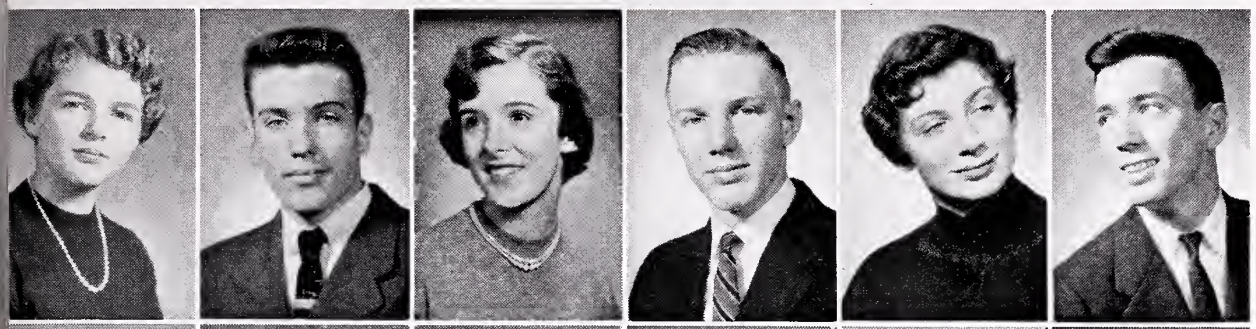
The fear we wouldn't make it
I've tagged, "For What It's Worth,"
Decided not to keep it
And tossed it to the hearth.

The loyalty we sing of
In every high school song
I've labeled, "Great to Have
When Everything Goes Wrong."

The joy we shared in victory
After the team had won
I've labeled, "This for Pleasure,
The Cleanest Kind of Fun."

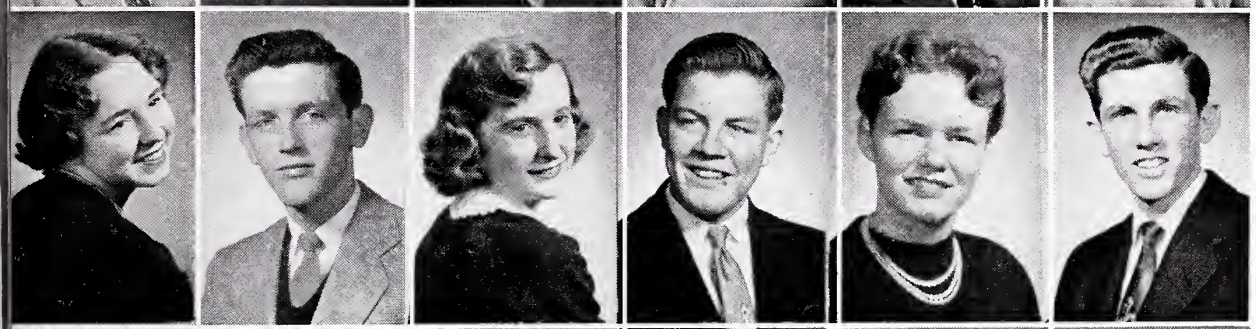
The honor in our classroom,
"Oh, to yourself be true,"
I've labeled with the rest,
And give them all to you.

PHS 1955

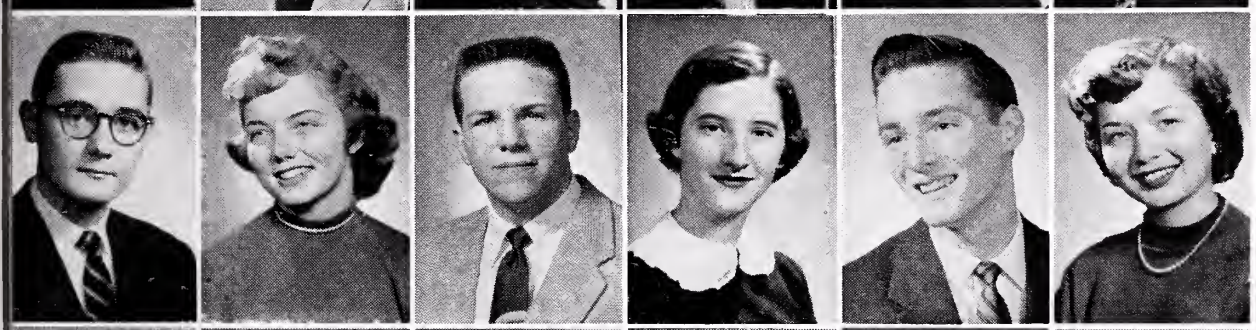


Mary Frances Stone
Bartlett Roper
Susan Carver Elliott
Ira Lee Andrews
Marilyn Ruth Ende
James Winston Challender

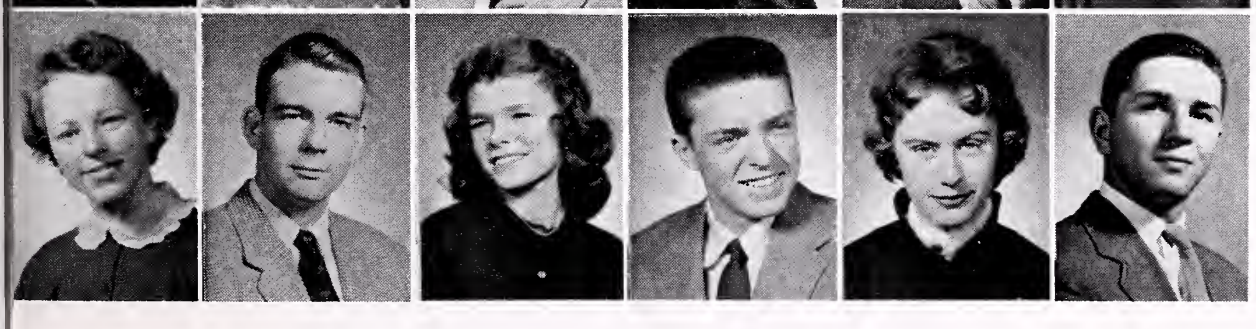
Thomas Augustus Burnett
Betty Paige Harte
Carl Blandford Cottrell
Barbara Ann Warriner
Clifton Albert Duke
Jane Spencer White



Barbara Jean Jones
James Claiborne Pritchett
Frances Ann Laine
Thomas Eugene Phillips
Ann Louise Norris
William Edwin Clements



John Alexander Cunningham
Pearl Hope Bulay
John Gardiner Richard Francis
Louise Scott Steele
Thomas Edgar Hinkle
Patricia Ann Burton



Edna Annette Bailey
Thomas King Anderson
Judith Mae Powell
Herbert Perry Mann
Judith Alexander Schultz
Donald Lewis Struminger

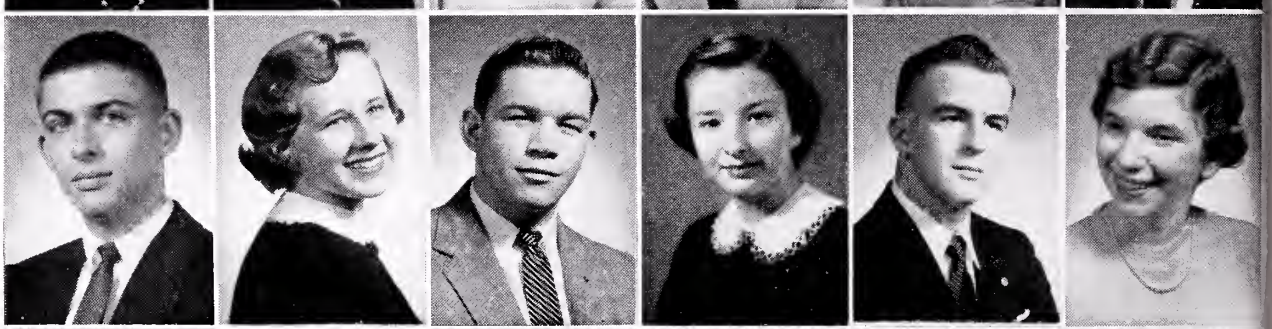
PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY

1955 PHS

Margaret Louise Willburn
Carlis Aubrey Tucker
Janet Deane Congdon
Donald Lewis Show
Jean Ellen Kitchen
Robert Hoy Harrison, Jr.

Glenn Marshall Ford
Elizabeth Louise Ramsey
Carthan Floyd Currin
Nancy Louise Blankenship
Alfred Heber Krause
Geraldine Jeannette Ford

Nancy Louise Harville
Robert Field Hutto
Patricia Anne Bonner
Floyd Raymond Childs, Jr.
Yvonne Salome Voshall
Douglas Wayne James

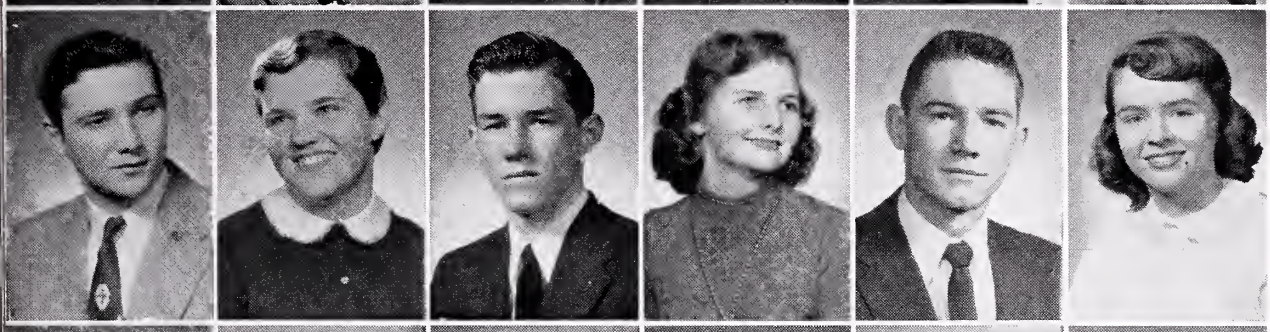


Lewis Lealand Johnson
Dianna Trischman
William Nichols Ruffin, Jr.
Dorothy Leonard Cill
Robert Dale Laney
Joan Maureen Wright

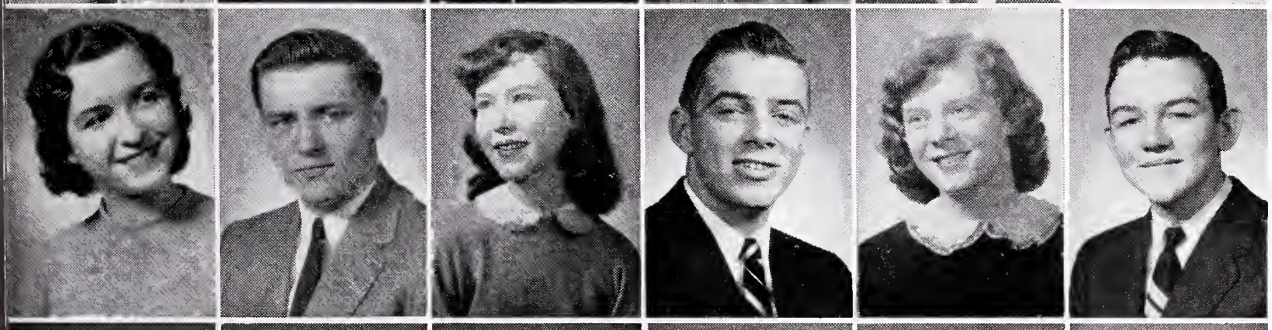
Virginia Meade Mann
Charles Earl Hall
Joan Frances Parcells
James Russell Early, Jr.
Margaret Louise Hesse
Ernest Maynard Moore

PHS 1955

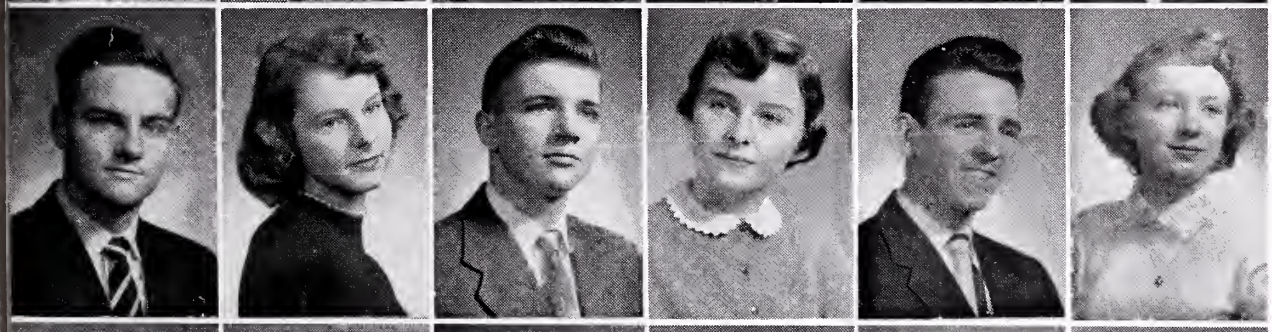
Catherine Rochelle Dunivant
Bobbie Fernanzia Peroe
Cazell Marie Kirkland
Percy Conway Nowlin
Emily Reynolds Greever
Whitworth Wilson Cotten



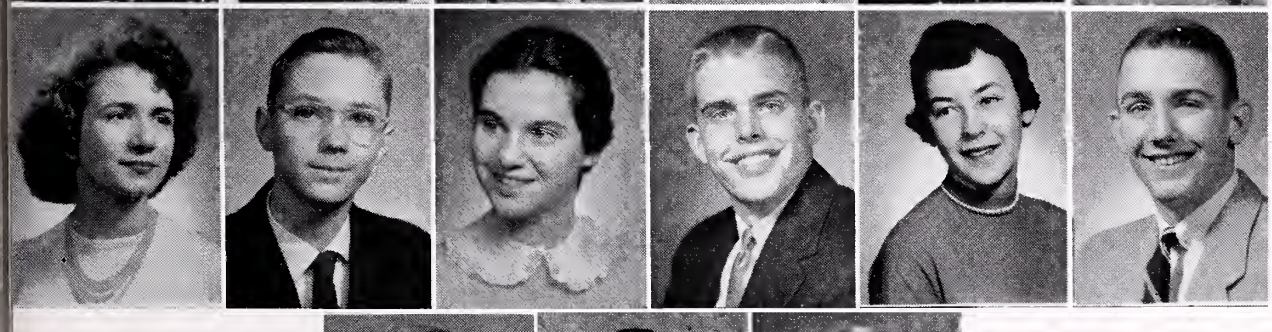
Robert Ellwood Horne
Dorothy Louise Tinney
Milton Franklin Jefferson
Aire Guy Fenderson
Wiley Rogers Underhill
Donna June Pritchett



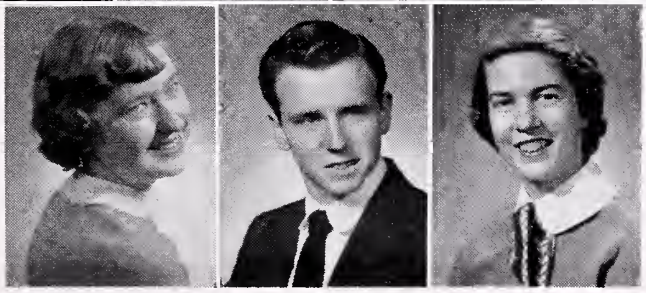
Juanita Naidean Kinsey
David Lawrence Partin
Betty Kay Morrissette
Charles David Murdock
Mary Lillian Wade
Edward Marshall Elder



Patrick Matthews
Carole Fay Price
Lawrence Calvin Griffin
Lillian Irving Lewis
Calvin Eugene Wall
Joe Ann Pullen



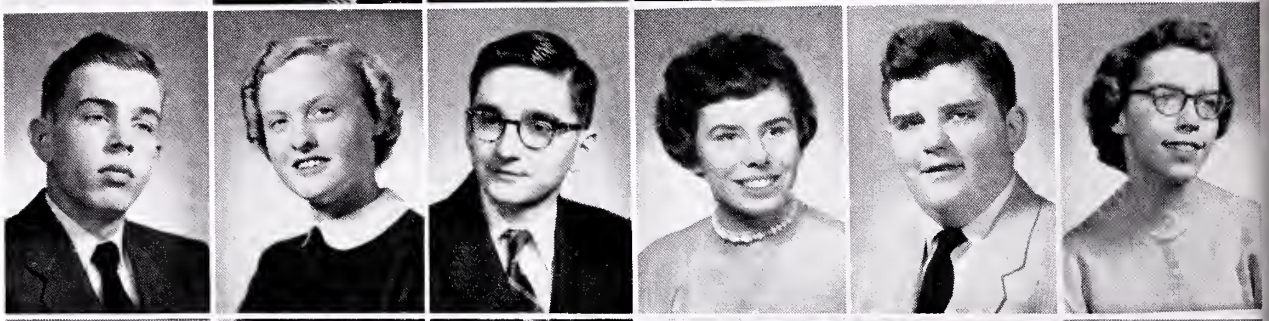
Delma Marie Wall
John Aloysius Rooney
Carol Lavenstein
Edward Tirrell Gerry
Elizabeth Madison Hargrave
Fred Jones Swearingen, Jr.



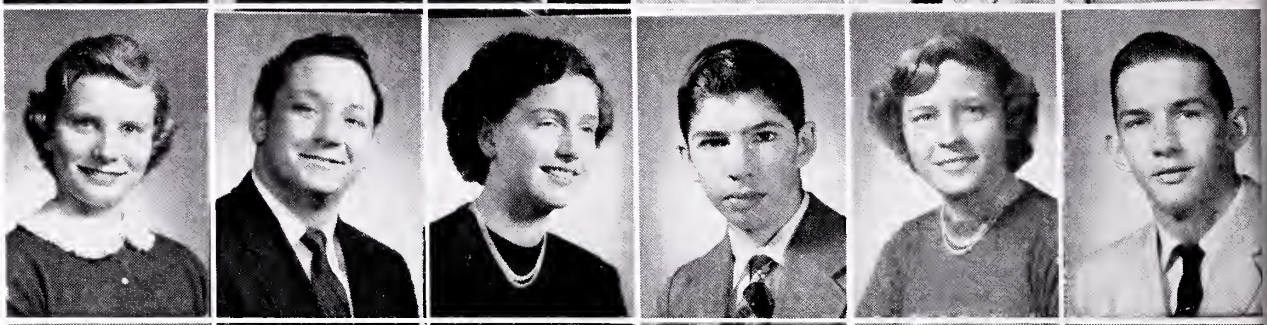
Kay Whitehurst Scoggin
Wilbur Leon Stables
Betty Beryl Harvey

PHS 1955

Charlotte Ann Wall
John Fairbanks Haines
Carol Anne Torrence
Richard Lee Litchfield
Arline Carol Riley
Howard Gray Redford, Jr.

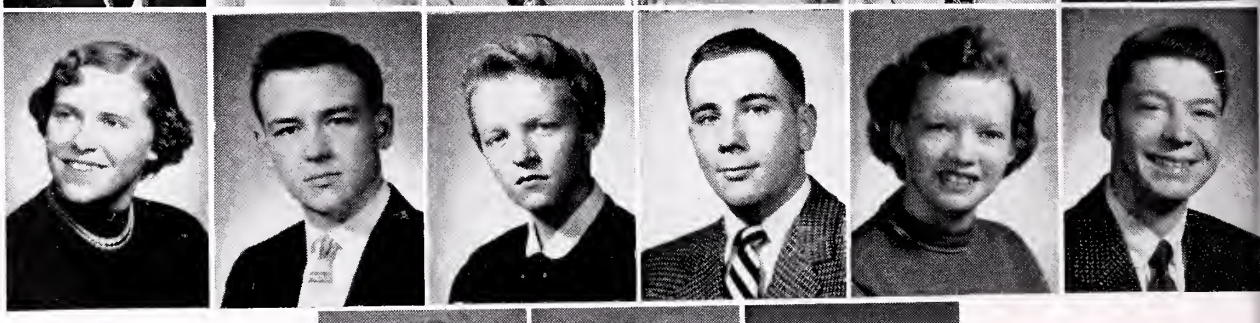


Charles Bernard Poole
Elva Jane Wynne
William Branch Storey
Jo Bolling Jones
John Albert Flowers
Shirley Ann Stevens

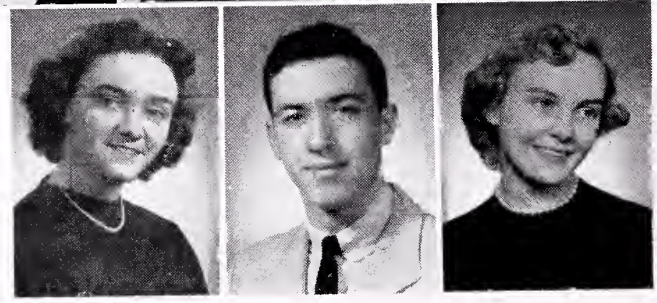


Peggy Anne Brockwell
Robert Peyton Townsend
Frances Young Tatum
Richard Phillip Counts
Joyce Anne Simmons
Ralph Evan Rowlett

Donald Elmo Tross
Carolyn Ann Snead
Bernard Clarence Wright
Bettie Louise Sanford
Robert Monroe Tipton
Peggy Ann Bowles

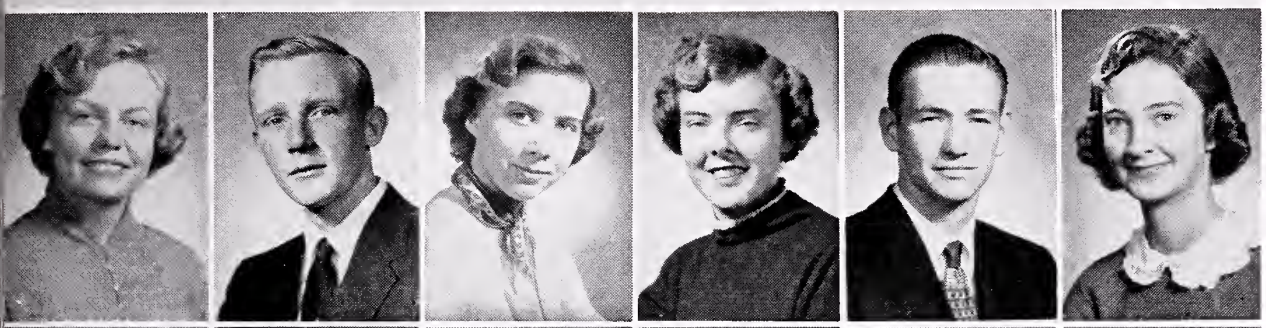


Virginia Ann Tench
James Remmie Rowlett
Kay Manning Sheffield
William Graham Roberson
Rosa Lucille Creasey
Randolph Claiborne Nemecek

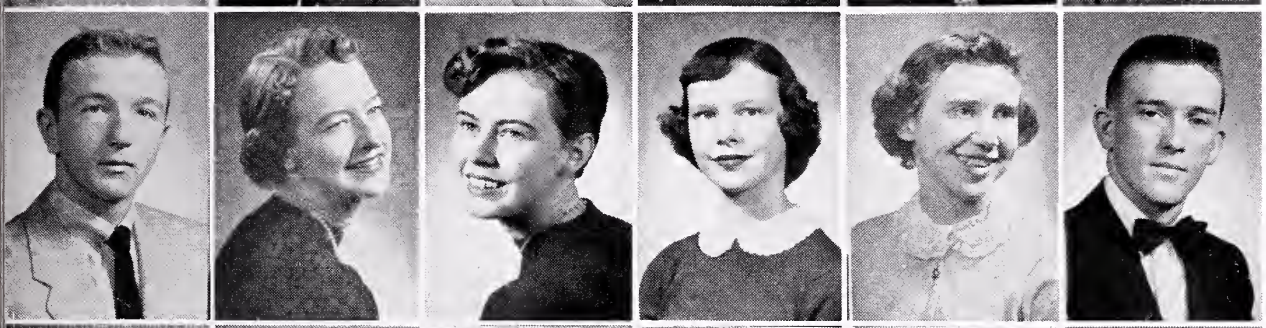


Joyce Ann Driskill
Braxton Craig Baker
Cleo Jeanette McMullan

1955 PHS



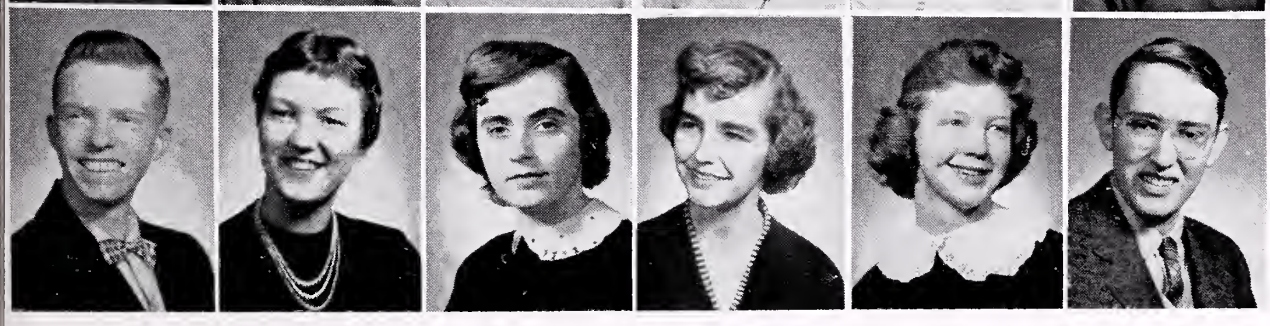
Elma Frances Mackey
Thomas Wayne Marek
Evelyn Bowen Wyatt
Emma Lee Watts
Robert Louie Denson
Nancy Lee Dobson



John Kenneth Eanes
Arlene Bagby Orange
Betty Jane Carrell
Betty Lou Cole
Joan Marlene Walker
Edwin Lynn Dawson

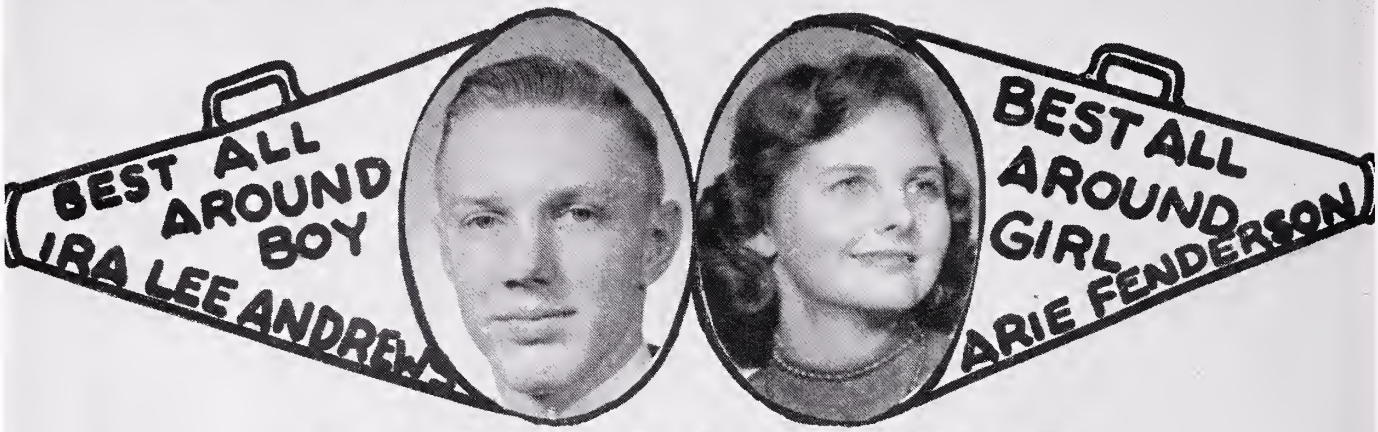
Nancy Lee Collins
Josephine Ladare Adams
Margo Liane Hartle
Shirley Ann Campbell
Betty Lou Ratcliffe
Barbara Anne Porter

Mildred Elizabeth Moore
Zelma Pond Sheffield
Shirley Anne Moore
Sara Ann Cummins
Patsy Carol Wilkerson
Lola Helen Faison



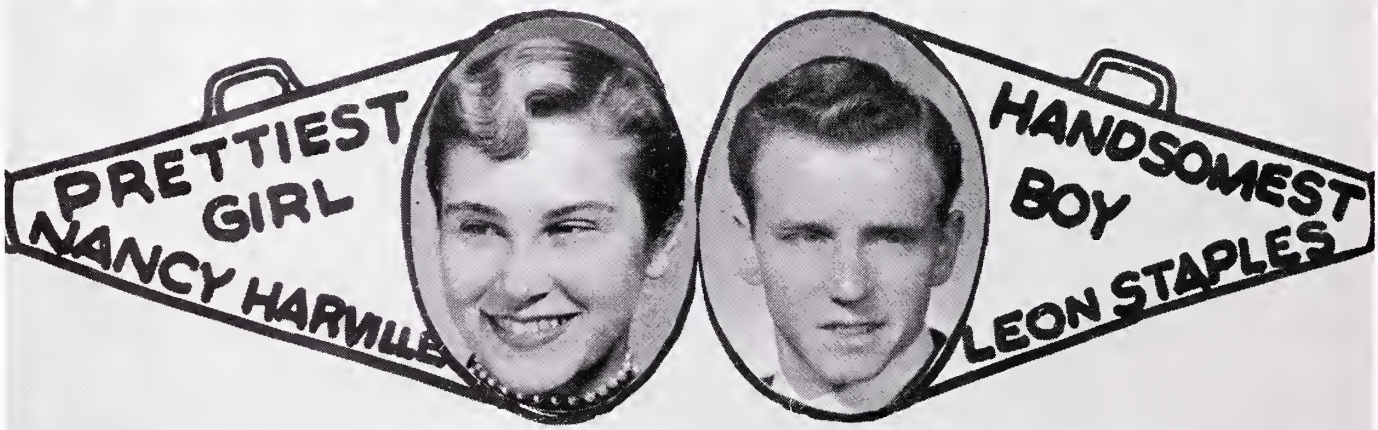
Eric Wayne Mann
Lois Schmidt Jones
Anne Sterling West
Rosemary Gordon
Helen Leilani Johnson
James Oghurn Hart

FEBRUARY 1955



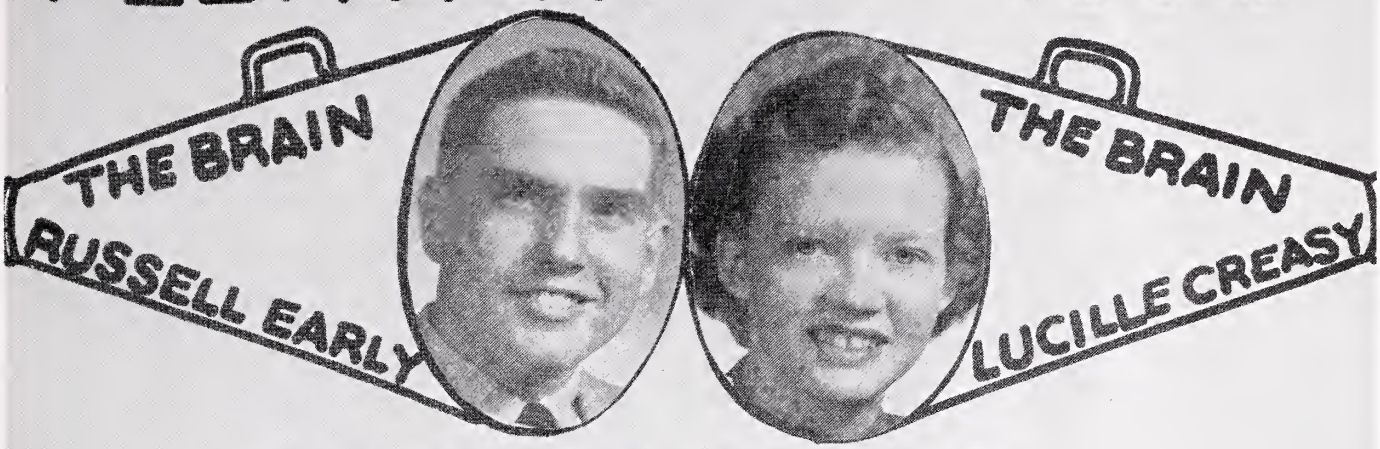
SENIORS

TO YELL ABOUT

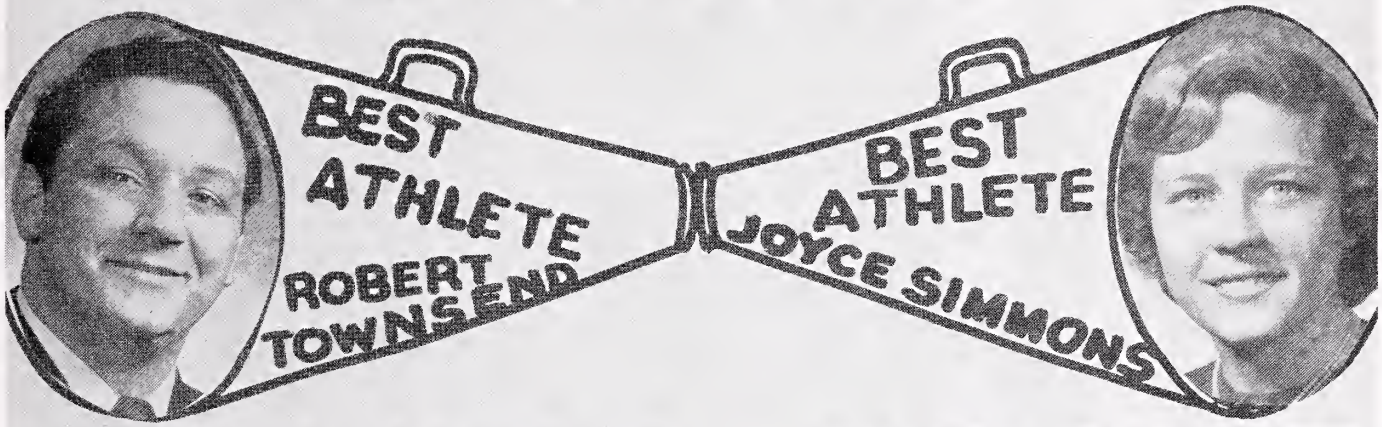


HAINES '55

FEBRUARY 1955



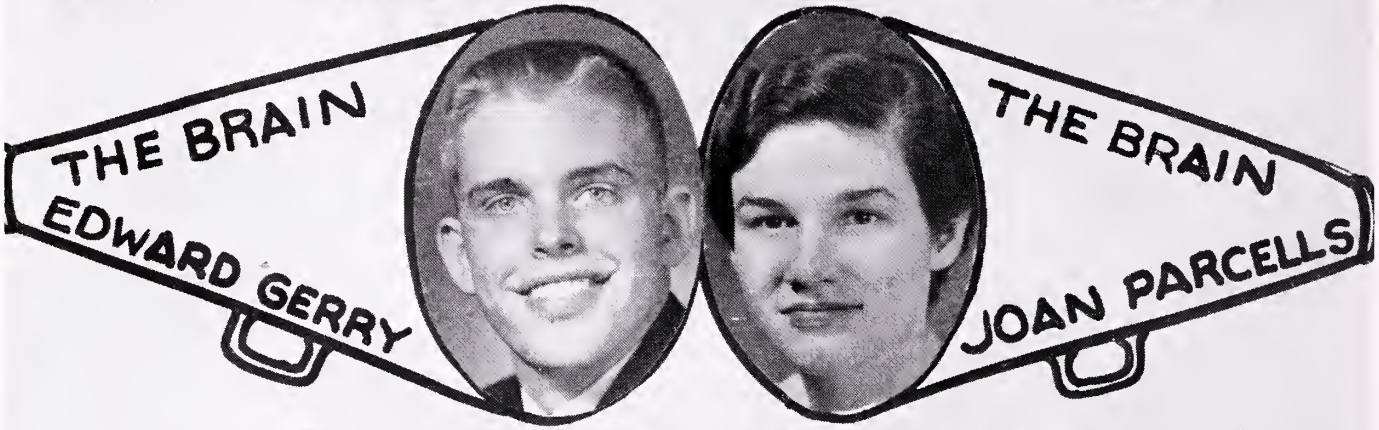
SENIORS



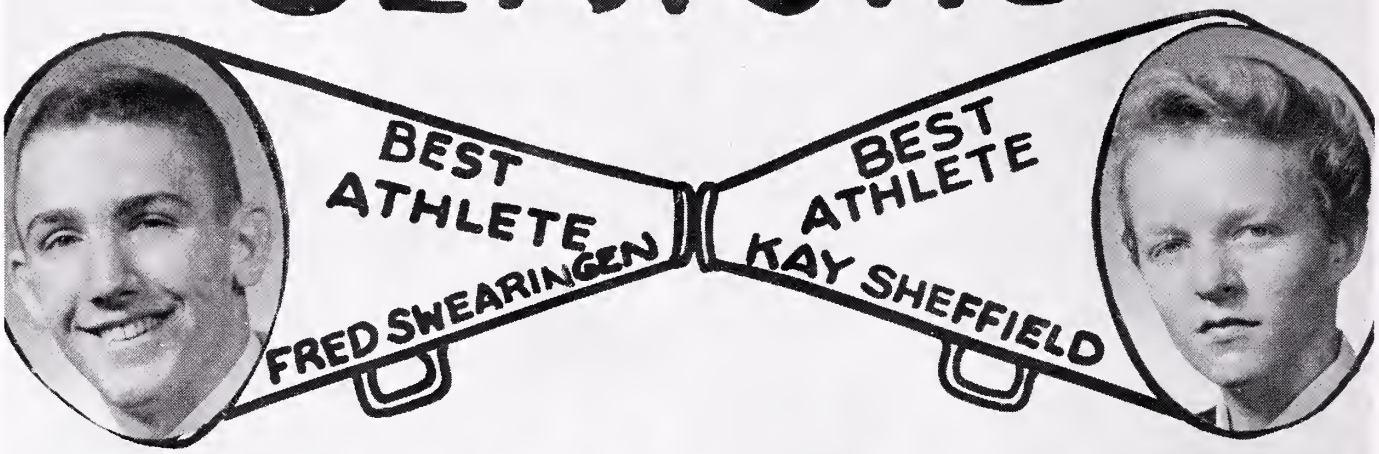
TO YELL ABOUT

HAINES '65

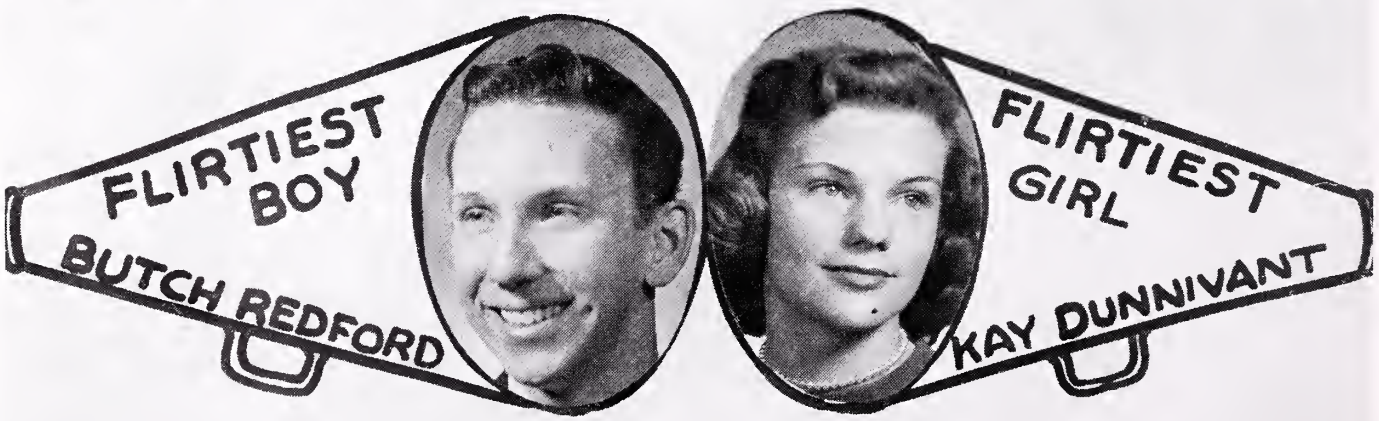
JUNE 1955



SENIORS



TO YELL ABOUT



HAINES '55

JUNE 1955

SENIORS

TO YELL ABOUT

Missile Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... Carol Lavenstein
Business Managers ..... Scotty Steele, Bee Roberson
Circulation Manager ..... Virginia Mann
Art Editor ..... John Haines
Photographic Editor ..... Jean Kitchen
Photographer ..... Janet Congdon
Faculty Advisors: *Literary* ..... Mr. M. F. Andrews
Business ..... Mr. J. W. Sutherland
Circulation ..... Mr. A. W. Lloyd
Photograph ..... Mr. E. B. Congdon
Art ..... Miss Mary Bailey
Mrs. Shirley Wilcox

First Row
Virginia Mann
Scotty Steele
Carol Lavenstien
Jean Kitchen

Second Row
Buzz Nowlin
Irving Lewis
Barbara Mayfield
Ann Pope
Kay Scoggin
Susan Elliott
Shelby Davis
Joan Wright

Third Row
Maynard Moore
Adeline Lange
Vita Wall
Beverly Jones
Mary Grossmann
Betty Harvey
Betsy Hargrave
Laura Yates
Ann Wright
Ann Gatling
Barbara Dearing
Eileen Dorsk
Judy Sehultz
Dottie Gill

Fourth Row
Jaequelin Hudson
Emily Greever
Mollie McDonald
Evelyn Wyatt
Beverly Roper
Betty Jane Carrel
Margaret Fields
Kay Powell
Peggy Wilburn

Fifth Row
Mr. Andrews
Miss Bailey
Mrs. Wilcox
Jon Peterson
Joe Oxedine
Douglas James
Bobby Peroe
Mr. Lloyd
Mr. Sutherland

Faculty

Principal ..... Russell B. Gill
Assistant Principal ..... H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Secretaries ..... Doris Curlin, Arline Wicks
Librarian ..... Gladys Spencer

First Row
Russell B. Gill
H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

Second Row
Arline Wicks
Frances Morgan
Edward Smoot
Wilma Salmon
Helen Brooks
Mary Holloway
Jane Wood
Doris Curlin

Third Row
Shirley Wilcox
Katherine Warner
Edwin Betts
Gladys Wilkerson
D. Pinckney Powers
Dorothy Barney
Frank Haines

Fourth Row
Martin Andrews
A. W. Lloyd
Georgia West
Mary Bailey
Frances Evans
Laura Meredith

Fifth Row
Juanita Minor
James W. Sutherland
Ella Rowe
Hayden Gwaltney
Gladys Spencer
William Finney
Pauline Robertson

Sixth Row
Burton F. Alexander
Howard Lum
Richard Hartman
Thomas Moore
James Micklen
Edmond B. Congdon

Senior Committee

Advisor ..... Mr. H. A. Miller, Jr.

First Row

Arie Fenderson
Carol Lavenstein

Second Row

Ira Lee Andrews
Naney Harville
Jill Hesse
Fred Swearingen

Student Council

President ..... Bobby Laney
Vice-President ..... Ham Evans
Secretary ..... Nancy Parker
Advisor ..... Miss Ellen Moyer

First Row
John G. Francis
Bobby Laney
Ham Evans
Nancy Parker

Second Row
Carol Price
Betty Lou Bulifant
Kay Powell
Francis Fenderson

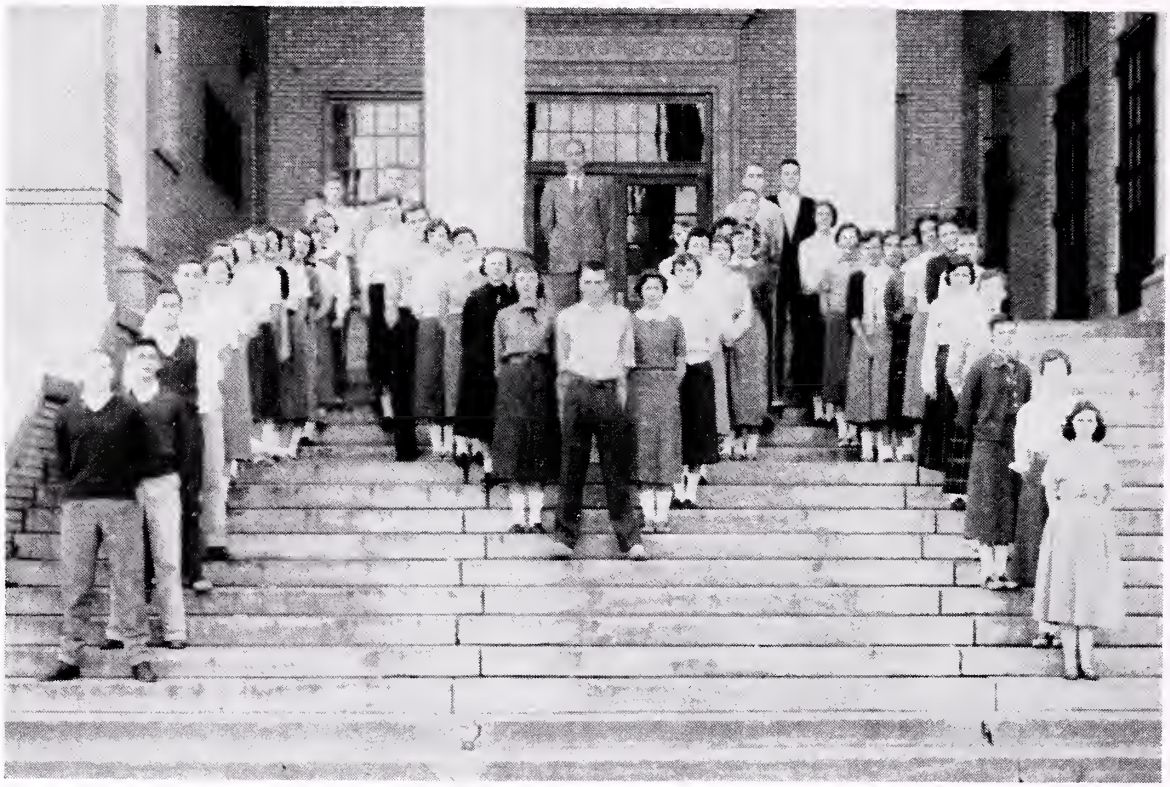
Third Row
Vivian Hirshhorn
Page Brockwell
Virginia Street
Suzy Wyatt

Fourth Row
Adeline Lange
Libby Lynn Baine
Nancy Hubbard
Jeanette Brantley

Fifth Row
Russell Early
Jimmy Alexander
Buddy Leasure
Norma Collins

Sixth Row
Carl Cottrell
Steve Idelman

Seventh Row
Dickie Spain
Miss Moyer
Algie Pulley



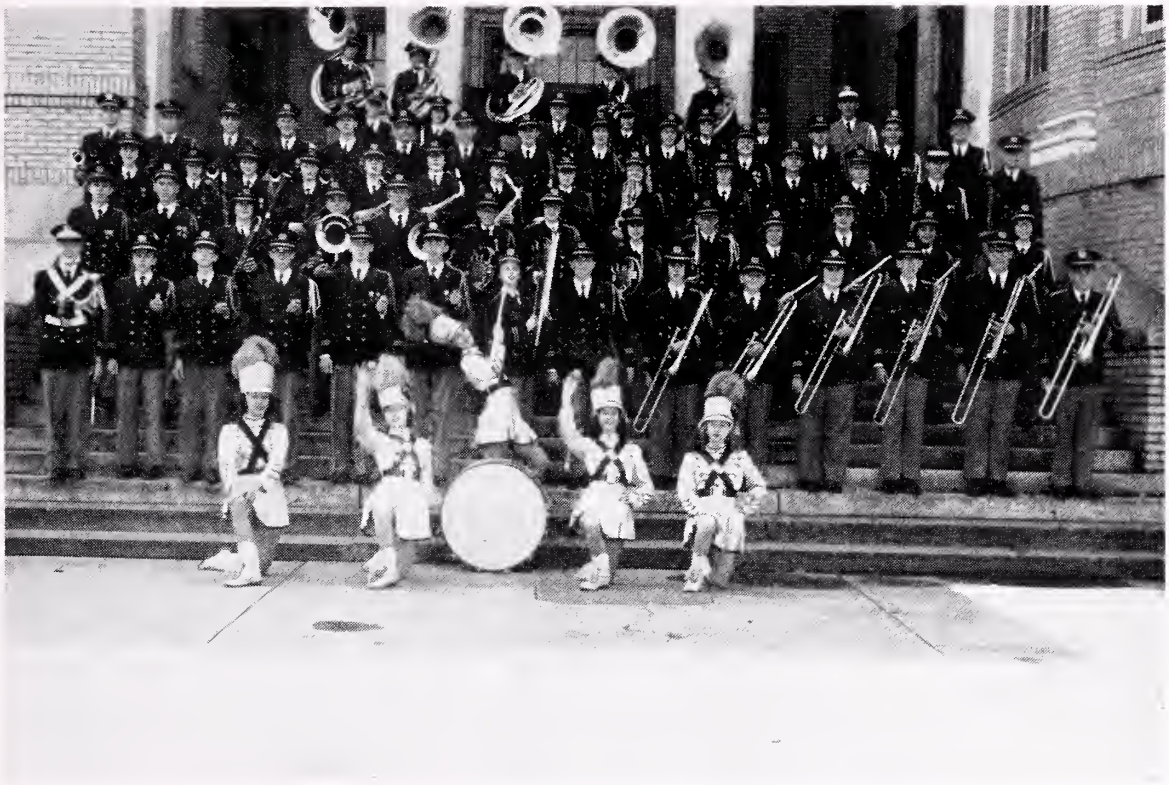
Monitors Club

President ..... Maynard Moore
Vice-President ..... Virginia Mann
Secretary ..... Mary Grossmann
Advisor ..... Mr. James W. Sutherland

"M" left to right

Joe Blankenship
Lewis Johnson
Bobby Peroe
Nick Ruffin
Scottie Steele
Dottie Gill
Sue Poore
Helen Nugent
Nancy Collins
Adeline Lange
Carol Price
Betty Bulifant
Phyllis Edwards
Bruce Bowman
Bobby Mallory
Don Show
Nancy Parker
Bobby Laney
Susan Elliott
Joan Wright
Dianna Trischman
Virginia Mann
Maynard Moore

Mary Grossmann
Irving Lewis
Betsy Hargrave
Ann Pope
Betsy Goodman
Kay Scoggin
Kathryn Sherman
Jimmy Alexander
Marvin Boswell
John G. Francis
Betty Harvey
Barbara Short
Betty Jane Carrel
Molly McDonald
Jill Hesse
Ruth Davis
Ann Norris
Barbara Leete
Laura Yates
Emily Greever
Kay Dunnivant
Kay Powell
Arie Fenderson



The Band

Fall Student Director ..... Tommy Marek
Spring Student Director ..... Franklin Jefferson
Manager ..... Edward Gerry
Librarian ..... Carol Ann Torrence
Assistant Librarian ..... Gypsy Lockett
Head Majorette ..... Kay Dunnivant
Drum Major ..... Ira Lee Andrews

Flutes
Carole Ann Torrence
Lois Ann Parish
Sharon Slate
Selina Blair

Oboe
Fred Clements

Bassoon
Nancy Blankenship

E Flat Clarinet
Daniel Hawks

B Flat Clarinets
Edward Gerry, *Mgr.*
Bill Hartzman
William Crowe
Elva Jane Wynne
Mary Sue Holland
Barbara Ann Phillips
Cazell Kirkland
Dianne Williams
Marylyn Sessums
Doris Martin
Cherry Grubbs
Joyce Williams
James Crim
John Saunders
Joan Race

Alto Clarinet
Wayne Tucker

B Bass Clarinet
Franklin Jefferson,
Student Drector

Baritone Saxophone
Helen Northup

Alto Saxophones
Madeline Caudle
Eloise Allen
Carolyn Barco
Patricia Maitland

Tenor Saxophones
Ira Lee Andrews
Virginia Tench

French Horns
Robert Grossmann
Gypsy Lockett
Eleanor Bowen
Joseph Hoggood

Trumpets and Clarinets
Charles Poole
Howard Redford
Lee Litchfield
Thomas Marek
Claiborne Nemecek
Roland Riley
Hugh Litchfield
Tommy Barnes
Ronald Elder
Charlotte Johnson

Trombones
David Murdock
Edward Branch
Douglas Perkinson
Nancy Blankenship
Douglas Ridout
Susan Mayar

Baritones
Eugene Winer
Brooks Parham
Clifton Smith

String Bass
Tom Anderson

Tubas
Spencer Perkins
James Traylor
Forrest Motto
Richard Clements

Tympani
James Seay

Percussion
Carey Stronach
Jerry Procise
Warren Tinney
Charles Barnes
Bess Dupuy
Glenn Browder

Majorettes
(*serving as ushers*)
Arline Riley
Charlotte Bryant
Peggy Bulay
Joan Cole
Kay Dunnivant

Program Narrator
Stephen Eitelman

Glee Club

President ..... Peggy Wilburn
Viee-President ..... "Moe" Morin
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Marvin Boswell
Advisor ..... Miss Dorothy Wainwright

First Row
Marvin Boswell
Ben Levy
Fred Swearingen
John Haines
Tommy Hinkle
Bee Roberson
Pete Wright
Billy Storey
Donald Laine
Bobby Webster
Bart Roper
Pat Porter
Johnny Staily
Donald Miles
Buddy Pittman
Robert Meredith
Douglas James
Wayne Whelan
Don Struminger

Second Row
Edward Dawson
Joe Blankenship
David Henshaw
Jimmy Alexander
"Moe" Morin
Bobby Hutto
Tommy Kellam
Russell Early
Bobby Harrison

Third Row
Betsy Goodman
Jane White
Eleanor Early
Pat Burton
Joan Parcells
Hilda Marshall
Jeanette Brantley
Eileen Dorsk
Ann Pope
Janet Congdon
Irving Lewis
Laura Yates
Joan Wright
Betty Daniel
Cora Willis
Adeline Lange

Fourth Row
Sue Poore
Audrey White
Barbara Harrison
Gerry Andrews
Mary Grossmann
Ann Gatling
Barbara Mayfield
Dottie Gill
Peggy Baker
Maxine Davis
Kathryn Sherman
Betty Harvey
Jo Jones
Kay Powell
Pat Bonner
Connie Lewis
Vivian Hirshhorn

Fifth Row
Ida McCarter
Barbara Leete
Kaye Rigby
Frances Stone
Joanne Pullen
Scotty Steele
Betty Bulifant
Carol Kraft
Betty Beasly
Betsy Hargrave
Carol Lavenstein
Mary Doris Smith
Nancy Parker
Kay Clarke
Beverly Jones
Judy Ford
Jean Kitchen
Elsie Hooper

Sixth Row
Marilyn Ende
Ruth Davis
Peggy Wilburn
Nancy Talbott
Carol Price
Mary Steger
Shelby Addock
Sarah Sheppard
Molly McDonald
Virginia Mann

Dramatics Club

President ..... Marilyn Ende
Vice-President ..... Judy Schultz
Secretary ..... Jimmy Challender
Treasurer ..... Kay Dunnivant
Advisors ..... Mr. Edwin Betts, Mr. Thomas Moore

First Row
Mr. Betts
Kay Dunnivant
Donald Struminger

Second Row
Billy Johnson
Cora Willis
Barbara Mayfield
Billy Storey

Third Row
Eileen Dorsk
Linda Remeny
Lola Faison

Fourth Row
Carlton Harville
Janet Garris
Judy Schultz
Ann Chandler

Fifth Row
Mr. Moore
David Schweikardt
Ben Levy

Cockadette Staff

Editorial Advisor ..... Mrs. Shirley Wilcox
Editor ..... Kay Powell
Assistant Editor ..... Phyllis Edwards
Managing Editor ..... Kay Rigby
Sports Editor ..... Norman Jacobson
Art Editor ..... John Haines
Advertising Manager ..... Donald Laine
Production Managers ..... Braxton Baker, Lawrence Griffin
Circulation Advisor ..... Miss Ellen Moyer

First Row

Miss Ellen Moyer
Norman Jacobson
Donald Laine
John Haines
Kaye Rigby
Kay Powell
Phyllis Edwards
Mrs. Shirley Wilcox

Second Row

Shelby Davis
Clara Chandler
Judy Ford
Judy Jacobs
Linda Remeny
Dianna Trisehman
Gayle Roberts
Laura Yates
Beth Gill
Buddy Leasure
Barbara Short

Third Row

Marilyn Ende
Sharon Slate
Mary Doris Smith
Mary Fletcher Simmons
Ann Pope
Mollie McDonald
Irving Lewis
Guy Smith
Robert Meredith

Fourth Row

Bill Johnson
Eddie Pappas
Vivian Hirshhorn
Ruth Davis
Maynard Moore
Emily Cooke
Nancy Parker
Janet Garriss
Walter Smith

French Club

President ..... Norman Jacobson
Vice-President ..... Dottie Gill
Secretary ..... Shelby Davis
Treasurer ..... Ben Levy
Advisor ..... Mrs. Pauline Robinson

First Row
Vivian Hirshhorn
Shirley Beasley
Ben Levy
Shelby Davis
Norman Jacobson
Scotty Steele
Jeanette Ford
Betty Harvey

Second Row
Beverly Jones
Beth Gill
Mary Grossmann
Susan Elliott
Betsy Goodman
Mary Evelyn Bowman
Ann Pope
Laura Yates
Carol Torrence

Third Row
Peggy Capehart
Adeline Lange
Carol Lavenstein
Mary Stegar
Phillipa Allen
Eileen Dorsk
Barbara Harrison
Yvonne Voshall
Lola Faison
Peggy Wilburn

Fourth Row
Donald Struminger
Betty Bulifant
Phyllis Edwards
David Henshaw
Clara Chandler
Carol Kraff
Mollie McDonald
Kay Rigby
Irving Lewis
Arline Riley

Fifth Row
Donald Laine
Janet Garris
Effie Pappus
Gaye Roberts
Kay Clarke
Jerry Andrews
Nancy Parker
Kay Powell
Juanita Kinsey
Evelyn Wyatt

Sixth Row
Mrs. Robinson
Wayne Tucker
Janet Congdon
Joe Oxidine
Bobby Chandler
Jimmy Challender
Mary Jackson
Bennie Mollock
Sharon Slate
Sarah Sheppard

Spanish Club

Fall Officers:

President ..... Betty Daniel
Vice-President ..... Emily Fuller
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Mildred Moore
Reporter ..... Connie Lewis

Spring Officers:

President ..... Ann Gatling
Vice-President ..... Barbara Short
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Ruth Davis
Reporter ..... Pat Bonner
Chaplain ..... Kathy Williams
Advisor ..... Miss Gladys Wilkerson

First Row
Connie Lewis
Betty Daniel
Mildred Moore
Miss Wilkerson

Second Row
Barbara Short
Ruth Davis
Pat Bonner
Barbara Barham
Ann Gatling
Sonja Williams
Carolyn Moon

Third Row
Ernest Pannell
Bernie Zatcoff
Pat Henison
Jerry Thomas
John Hall

Square Circle Honor Society

Fall Officers:

President ..... Ann Pope
Vice-President ..... Scotty Steele
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Betsy Goodman

Spring Officers:

President ..... Dottie Gill
Vice-President ..... Mary Grossmann
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Dianna Trischman
Chaplain ..... Kay Clark
Advisor ..... Mrs. Helen Brooks

Bottom Row
Polly Powell
Scotty Steele
Ann Pope
Betsy Goodman
Ann Gatling
Mary Bowman

Top Row
Binnie Mollock
Beverly Roper
Ann Wright
Betty Ramsey
Laura Yates
Gay Roberts

Left Side
Kay Scoggin
Mollie McDonald
Nancy Lawrence
Betsy Hargrave

Right Side
Mary Sue Holland
Kathryn Sherman
Martha Bryant
Mary Fletcher Simmons
Mary Doris Smith

Center—Clockwise
Mrs. Helen Brooks
Gerry Andrews
Kay Clark
Dottie Gill
Dianna Trischman
Mary Grossmann

O. G. Club

Fall Officers:

President ..... Kay Powell
Vice-President ..... Pat Burton
Secretary ..... Betty Bulifant
Treasurer ..... Jean Kitchen
Reporter ..... Peggy Wilburn

Spring Officers:

President ..... Kay Powell
Vice-President ..... Peggy Wilburn
Secretary ..... Phyllis Edwards
Treasurer ..... Sonja Williams
Reporter ..... Peggy Wilburn
Advisor ..... Miss KatherineWarner

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Pat Burton	Carol Moody	Peggy Wilburn
Kay Powell	Jo Ann Cole	Sonja Williams
Betty Bulifant	Christine Urban	Phyllis Edwards
Jean Kitchen	Nancy Harville	Jo Ann Pullen
	Miss Warner	Betty Jane Carrel
		Shirley Williams

Projection Crew

Advisor ..... Mr. Howard Lum

First Row

Bruce Bowman
Betty Jane Carrel
Jimmy Rideout
Linda Remeny

Second Row

Clifton Duke
Billy Beville
Tom Anderson
John Chapman

Third Row

Phillip McEwen
Carl Ashby
Bill Clements
Pat Porter
Douglas Perkinson

Fourth Row

David Henshaw
Bobby Webster
Joe Blankenship

Fifth Row

Jimmy Stewart
Wayne Mayton
Arthur Dean
Tommy Hinkle
Whit Cotten

Speech Club

Fall Officers:

President ..... Carol Lavenstein
Vice-President ..... Norman Jacobson
Secretary ..... Judy Schultz
Treasurer ..... Buddy Leasure

Spring Officers:

President ..... Norman Jacokson
Vice-President ..... Jimmy Challender
Secretary ..... Bess Dupuy
Advisor ..... Mr. Edwin Betts

First Row
Norman Jacobson
Judy Schultz
Carol Lavenstein
Buddy Leasure

Second Row
Jacquelin Hudson
Betty Nausecf
Marilyn Ende
Barbara Mayfield
Carlton Harville

Third Row
Leon Duke
Bennie Mollock
Eilcen Dorsk
Nancy Collins
Jerry Houchins

Fourth Row
John Haines
Clyde Barnes
Ben Levy
Billy Johnson
Jimmy Challender
Mr. Betts

Cockade Hi-Y

President ..... John G. Francis
Vice-President ..... Ben Levy
Secretary ..... Tommy Hinkle
Treasurer ..... Joe Blankenship
Chaplain ..... Marvin Boswell
Advisor ..... Mr. Edwin Betts

First Row
Mr. Betts
John Francis
Ben Levy

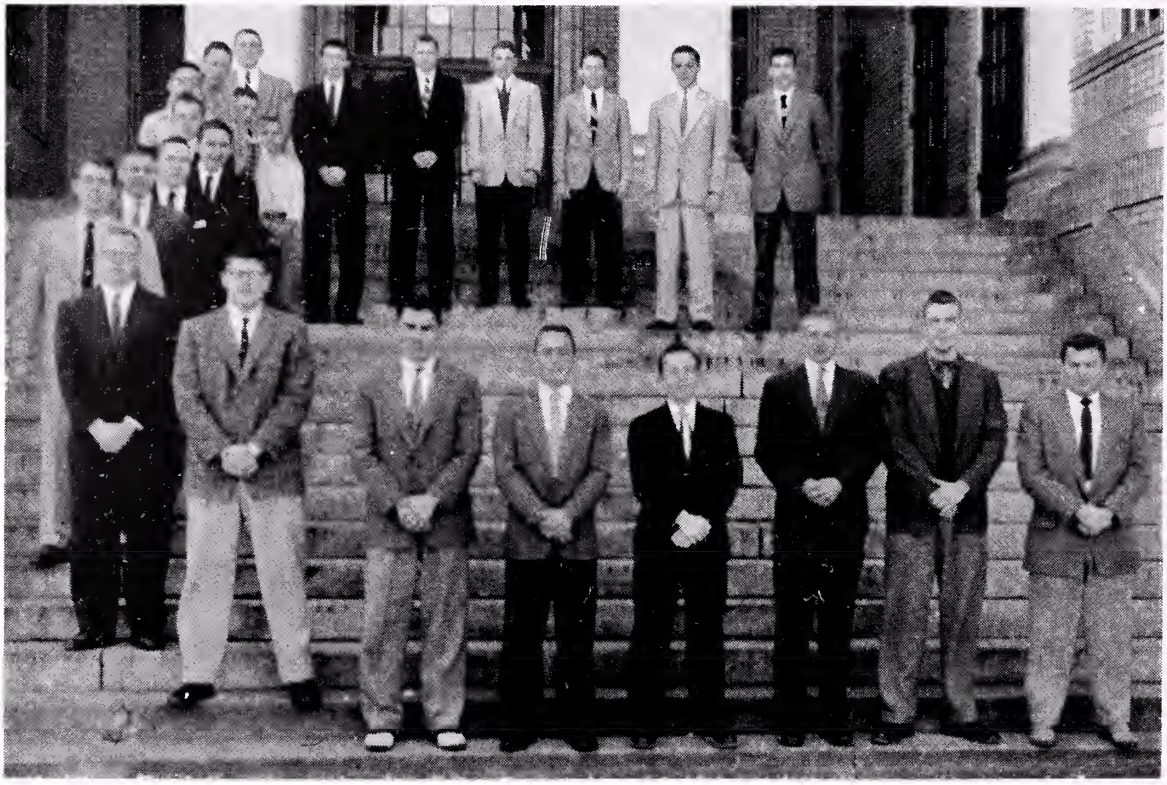
Second Row
Tommy Hinkle
Marvin Boswell
Joe Blankenship

Third Row
Carlile Moody
James Stewart
Billy Rawlings
Billy Beville

Fourth Row
Robert Meredith
David Magee
Carl Ashby

Fifth Row
Don Show
Billy Johnson
Everet Mason

Sixth Row
Douglas James
Guy Smith



Crater Hi-Y

President ..... Tom Anderson
Vice-President ..... Jon Peterson
Secretary ..... Buddy Leasure
Treasurer ..... Dickie Spain
Chaplain ..... Alfred Krause
Advisor ..... Mr. Tommy Young

Clockwise from bottom

Mr. Young
Tom Anderson
Jon Peterson
Buddy Leasure
Dickie Spain
Alfred Krause
Wayne Whelan
Spencer Perkins
David Crittenden
Archie Robertson
John Haines
Joe Oxdendine
Jimmy Seay
Billy Storey
Ben Nelson
Bobby Mallory
Alfred Brockwell
Fred Swearingen
Charles Barnes
Wayne Percell
Lewis Wyche
Algie Pulley
Steve Eitlemen
Bart Roper

K-Warner Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Officers:

President ..... Carol Torrence
Vice-President ..... Jean Kitchen
Secretary ..... Janet Congdon
Treasurer ..... Lola Faison
Chaplain ..... Phyllis Edwards
Advisor ..... Miss Katherine Warner

Spring Officers:

President ..... Jean Kitchen
Viee-President ..... Betty Lou Bulifant
Seeretary ..... Annette Fittz
Treasurer ..... Wanda Campodonico
Chaplain ..... Sonja Williams

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Janet Congdon	Miss Katherine Warner	Hilda Marshall
Jean Kitchen	Dot Tinney	Ardys Henshaw
Carol Ann Torrence	Nancy Mays	Annette Fittz
Lola Faison	Carolyn Hargrave	Sonja Williams
Phyllis Edwards	Peggy Brockwell	Libby Lynn Bain
	Elma Mackey	Christina Urban
	Adeline Lange	Harriet Berkely
	Frances Stone	
	Betty Lou Bulifant	

T. Albright Tri-Hi-Y

President ..... Peggy Lou Wilburn
Vice-President ..... Jeanette McMullen
Secretary ..... Betty Lou Ramsey
Treasurer ..... Jeanette Ford
Advisor ..... Miss Doris Rose Ramsey

First Row

Betsy Bonner
Jo Ann Sellars
Sue Poore
Barbara Harrison

Second Row

Betty Lou Ramsey
Jeanette McMullen
Peggy Wilburn
Jeanette Ford

Third Row

Miss Ramsey
Evelyn Wyatt
Pat Bonner
Eleanor Stevens
Leilani Johnson
Kay Powell

Pence Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Officers:

President ..... Scotty Steele
Vice-President ..... Dottie Gill
Secretary ..... Joan Pecht
Treasurer ..... Kay Scoggin
Chaplain ..... Barbara Short

Spring Officers:

President ..... Scotty Steele
Vice-President ..... Mary Grossmann
Secretary ..... Ann Pope
Treasurer ..... Anne Gatling
Chaplain ..... Connie Davis
Advisor ..... Miss Wilma Salmon

First Row
Scotty Steele

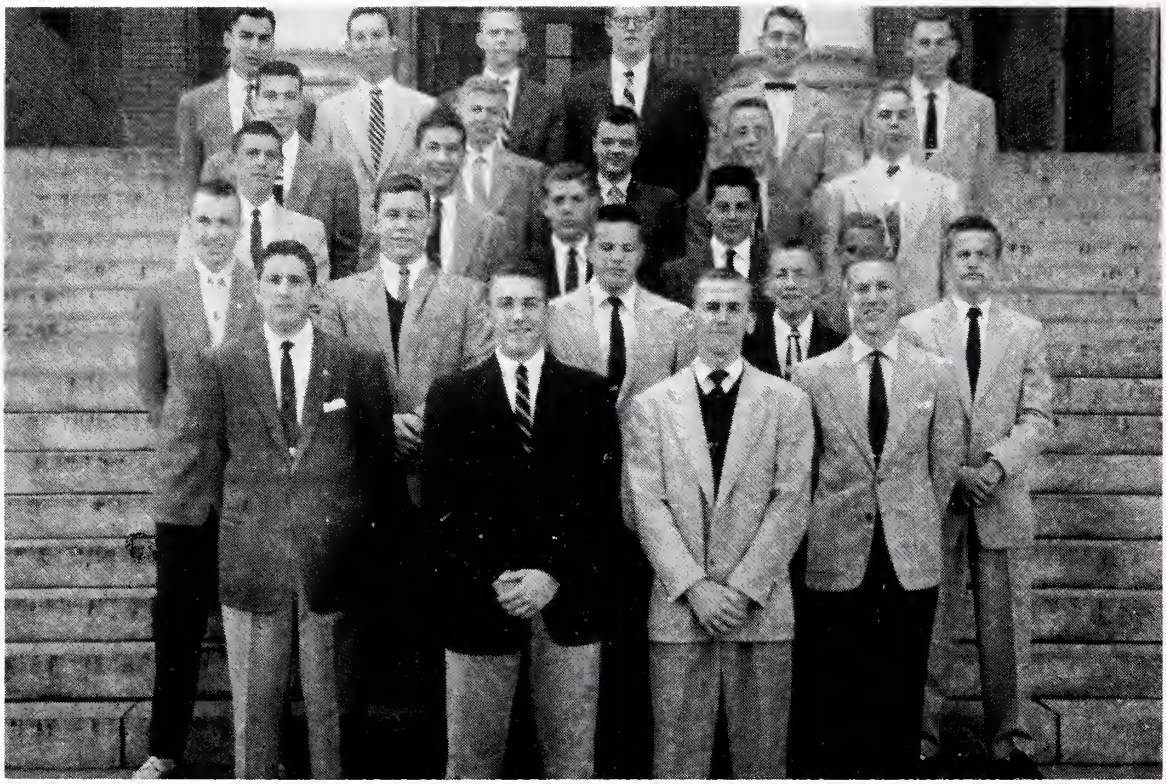
Second Row
Dottie Gill
Joan Pecht

Third Row
Mary Grossmann
Kay Scoggin
Barbara Short

Fourth Row
Joan Wright
Ann Gatling
Ann Pope
Connie Davis

Fifth Row
Mary Doris Smith
Nancy Lawrence
Nance Weeks
Betsy Goodman
Anne Wright
Yvonne Voshall

Sixth Row
Susan Elliott
Virgina Mann
Betty Harvey
Sharon Slate
Martha Bryant
Janet Garriss
Betsy Hargrave
Nancy Blankenship
Molly McDonald
Kay Rigby



Key Club

President ..... Marvin Boswell
Vice-President ..... Fred Swearingen
Secretary ..... Buddy Leasure
Treasurer ..... Carthan Currin
Advisor ..... L. A. Azlin, Jr.

First Row
Fred Swearingen
Marvin Boswell

Second Row
Ben Levy
Ira Lee Andrews

Third Row
Maynard Moore
Nick Ruffin
John G. Francis
Buddy Leasure

Fourth Row
Lewis Johnson
Norman Jacobson
Lewis Wyche
Bobby Pope
Francis Fenderson

Fifth Row
Bart Roper
Jon Peterson
Jerry Houchens
Dickie Spain
Bernard Bortz

Sixth Row
Alfred Krause
Butch Redford
Don Show
Wayne Whelan
David Crittenden
Ronald Pond

Library Staff

Fall Officers:

President ..... Dot Tinney
Vice-President ..... Marilyn Ende
Secretary and Reporter ..... Carolyn Moon

Spring Officers:

President ..... Bobby Barfield
Vice-President ..... Carolyn Moon
Secretary and Reporter ..... Jean Sheffield
Advisor ..... Mrs. Gladys Spencer

First Row
Beth Gill
Cherry Grubbs
Gloria Norris
Mary Moody
Irene Edwards
Carolyn Moon
Jerry Whichard

Second Row
Sylvia Adams
Betty Saddler
Jean Sheffield
Jimmy Challender
Mildred Moore
Nancy Collins
Warren Birdsong
Edsal Baily
Betty Daniel
Elma Mackey
Mrs. Spencer

Third Row
Bobby Barfield
Billy Storey
Judy Schultz
Marilyn Ende
Mary Stagger
Charlotte Wall
Claiborne Nemecek
Lee Litchfield

Varsity Cheerleaders

Head Cheerleader ..... Marvin Boswell
Advisor ..... Miss Mary Bailey

First Row
Marvin Boswell

Second Row
Betsy Goodman
Irving Lewis
Scotty Steele
Laura Yates
Ann Pope
Betsy Hargrave
Miss Bailey

Third Row
Guy Smith
Douglas James
Carthan Currin
Dottie Gill
Susan Elliott

Forth Row
Lewis Johnson
Don Show

Not in picture
Jill Hesse
Philip McEwen

J. V. Cheerleaders

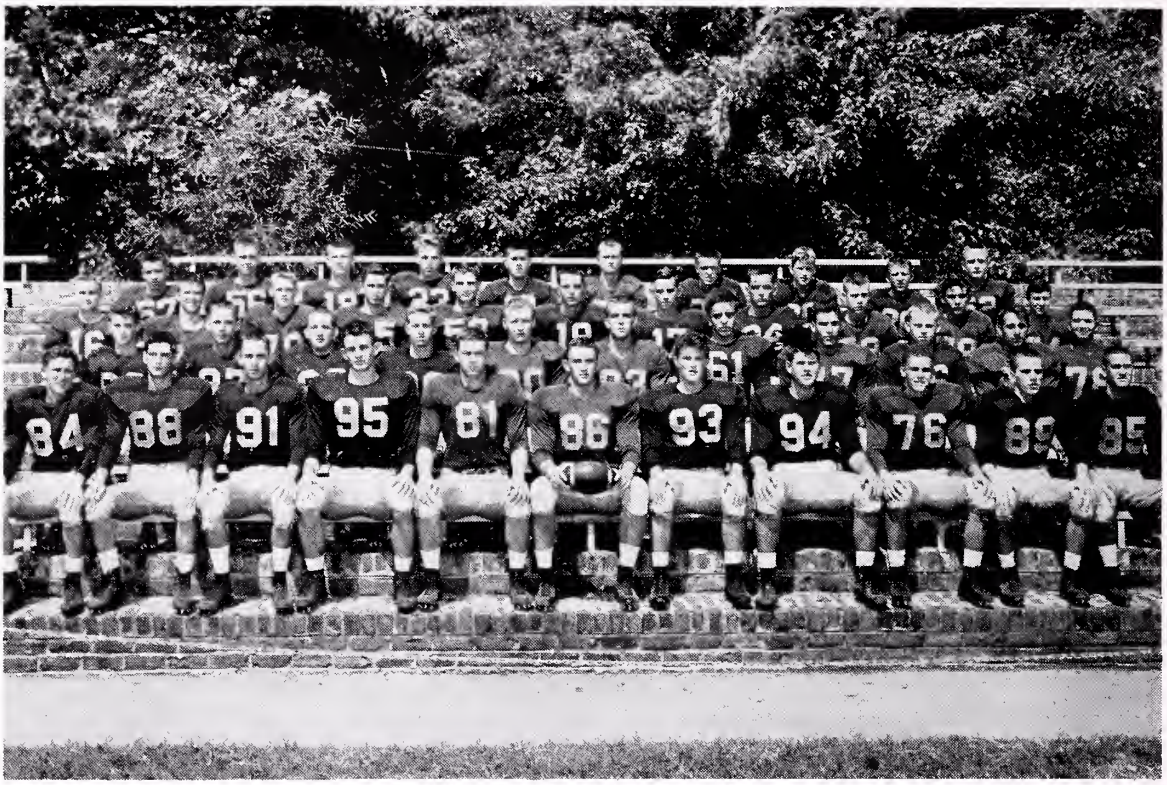
Head Cheerleader ..... Mollie McDonald
Advisor ..... Miss Mary Bailey

First Row

Mary Grossmann
Ann Wright
Mollie McDonald

Second Row

Miss Bailey
Elizabeth Litos
Polly Powell
Barbara Inge
Martha Bryant



Football Squad

Captain ..... Fred Swearingen
Manager ..... Pat Porter
Coaches ..... Mr. Randy Mallory
Mr. Tommy Young
Mr. Frank Teass

First Row

Ronnie Walker
James O'Berry
Donald Pond
Buck Wingfield
Nick Ruffin
Fred Swearingen
Ham Evans
Wayne Whelan
Mike Irvin
Donald Miles
"Moe" Morin

Second Row

Pete Wright
Ronald Pond
Tommy Burnett
Bobby Odenwelder
Joe Blankenship
Bobby Laney
Jimmy Pond
Bart Roper
Spencer Perkins
Elliot Elder
Donald Struminger

Third Row

Buddy Pittman
Clifton Duke
Eric Hamilton
John Hall
Buteh Belangia
Gordon Lewis
Adolph Urban
Bill Humphries
George Williams
Barry Ozmore
Larry Belcher

Fourth Row

Major Sheffield
Archie Robertson
Billy Pritchett
Emmett Scott
Larry Elmore
Wayne Percells
Perry Mann
Gerald Moody
Wayne Mayton
Dickie Spain

Basketball Team

Co-Captains ..... Maynard Moore and Fred Swearingen
Manager ..... Ben Levy
Coach ..... Bob Kilbourne

First Row

Ronnie Robertson
James O'Berry
Maynard Moore
Fred Swearingen
Norman Jacobson
Ronald Pond

Second Row

Tommy Marek
Bobby Mizelle
Walter Smith
Robert Badgett
Bobby Odenwelder
Bernie Zatcoff

Third Row

James Ellis
Ronnie Walker
Tommy Zix

Girls' Hockey Squad

Co-Captains ..... Lola Faison, June Walker
Coach ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham
Manager ..... Carolyn Moon

First Row

June Walker
Miss VanLandingham
Lola Faison

Second Row

Wanda Campodonico
Sandra Bolt
Jean Davis
Dot Tinney
Josephine Adams
Hope Raye
Mildred Moore
Helen Moore
Betty Streshley
Sarah Jane Sheppard
Carolyn Moon

Girls' Basketball Team

Co-Captain ..... Annette Bailey
Co-Captain ..... Kay Powell
Co-Captain ..... Betty Harvey
Co-Manager ..... Lola Faison
Co-Manager ..... Carol Torrence
Coaches ..... Miss Mary Riddleburger
Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row
Rose Addison
Josephine Adams
Annette Bailey
Kay Powell
Betty Harvey
Barbara Phillips
Katie Kassulke

Second Row
Brenda Woodruff
Joyce Williams
Susan Mayar
Carole Phipps

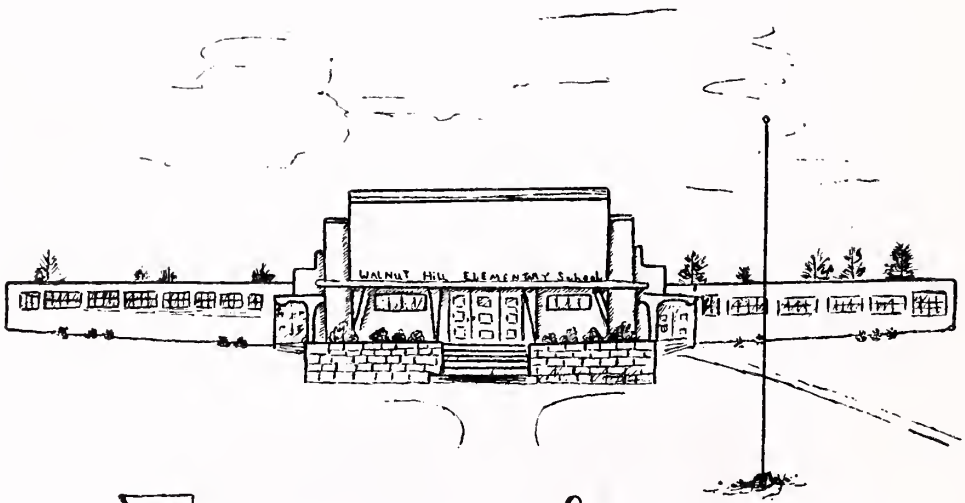
Third Row
Eleanor Bowen
Betty Johnson
Wilma Seott
Pat Maitland
Lola Faison

Autographs . . .

Autographs . . .

Autographs . . .

Petersburg
All-American City



Education

B. ROPER

Public Schools

By BUZZ NOWLIN

PETERSBURG has two senior high schools, one junior high, and ten elementary schools in its public education system.

The most recent elementary school project was the building of Walnut Hill Elementary School, for white students, which cost $500,000. This project was completed for the school term beginning September, 1952. Walnut Hill School greatly relieved the over-crowding in the other schools caused by the rapid expansion of that section.

Walnut Hill School is of modern design and incorporates many safety features for the grade students. It is a one story brick structure in the shape of an arrow. This specific shape was selected because the wings of the building can easily be expanded at minimum cost. The school's modern auditorium is used by the community and can be entered from the outside as well as from within the school because the school has two separate entrances.

This school is very convenient for the students in the southern section of the city and is a modern advancement in Petersburg's educational system.

The most recent high school project in Petersburg was the enlargement and modernization of Peabody High School, for Negro students, which cost approximately $1,500,000.

Peabody High, a brick structure now covering one city block, is a system of wings running from a central point. One of the outstanding features of this project was the building of a radio room to receive commercial programs, and the placing in each room of a speaker to receive these broadcasts and also to receive announcements from the radio room.

The modern auditorium can now seat eight hundred and sixteen and the new gymnasium is modernly equipped with folding seats. Peabody has up-to-date vocational training facilities. There is a music room with practice booths, a home economics suite, a beauty culture salon, art and sewing rooms, and shops for woodwork, mechanics, drafting, and electrical work. The cafeteria and the kitchen were built in the basement.

The new twelve year system to be used in the Petersburg public school system will be put into effect for the school term beginning September 1955. The extra year of school will be inserted between the present seventh grade and the first year of high school. This additional grade will not affect the students already in high school.

The twelve year system will better prepare the students for a higher education, and enable Petersburg to compete with other high schools in sports and scholastic activities. Petersburg graduates entering college will have the same advantages that other students of twelve year systems enjoy. Those graduates who enter the business world will have the advantages of an extra year of practical education in the vocational departments. Petersburg, one of the last school systems in the state to change to the new system, now will be able to offer these and other advantages to its students and thus becomes another modern advancement in Petersburg's school system.

Petersburg Public Library

By JUDITH SCHULTZ

THE PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY was given to the City of Petersburg as a memorial to William R. McKenney by his wife.

The library was first opened to the public in August 1924, and from 1924-1934 it was known as the William R. McKenney Free Library, then changed to its present name.

The library has a children's section for children under fourteen and a special branch for colored people. It also issues free Service Cards to all Fort Lee personnel and their families. Since 1942 they have issued 8,000 such cards.

The library has a total of 46,483 books — 37,434 adult books and 9,049 children's books. The total number of active borrowers is 10,984 and they have an average yearly circulation of 50,000 books.

Featured also in the library are several displays of educational and historic interest.

This library offers a wide and varied section of books and most people can find the kind of reading or reference they want here.

The Freckled-faced Boy

By KAY SCOGGIN

The cold little breeze as it plays in the trees
Is a mischievous, freckle-faced boy.
He howls with glee at all that he sees,
Then whistles a tune with joy.
All up and down the town he will run,
And not a tree does he miss.
His pranks are those of boyish fun;
To each leaf he blows a kiss.
While through tall grass he loves to prance,
Soon all his strength is gone;
No longer can he sing or dance,
But settles down 'til dawn.

Love

By JOAN WRIGHT

How important to us is that thing called love
Which was given to us by the One above.
It comforts the home when trouble is near,
Brings joy to those in time of fear,
And uplifts the hearts of all mankind.

From lack of love the nations have fought
For centuries, yet what has this brought?
Waste, destruction, grief and despair
So bad that only love could repair
The damage done to the human mind.

All races equal in His eyes
Are loved by Him Who never dies.
Love given by Him should be treasured more
Than other gifts that we adore
When oft we scorn the ties that bind.

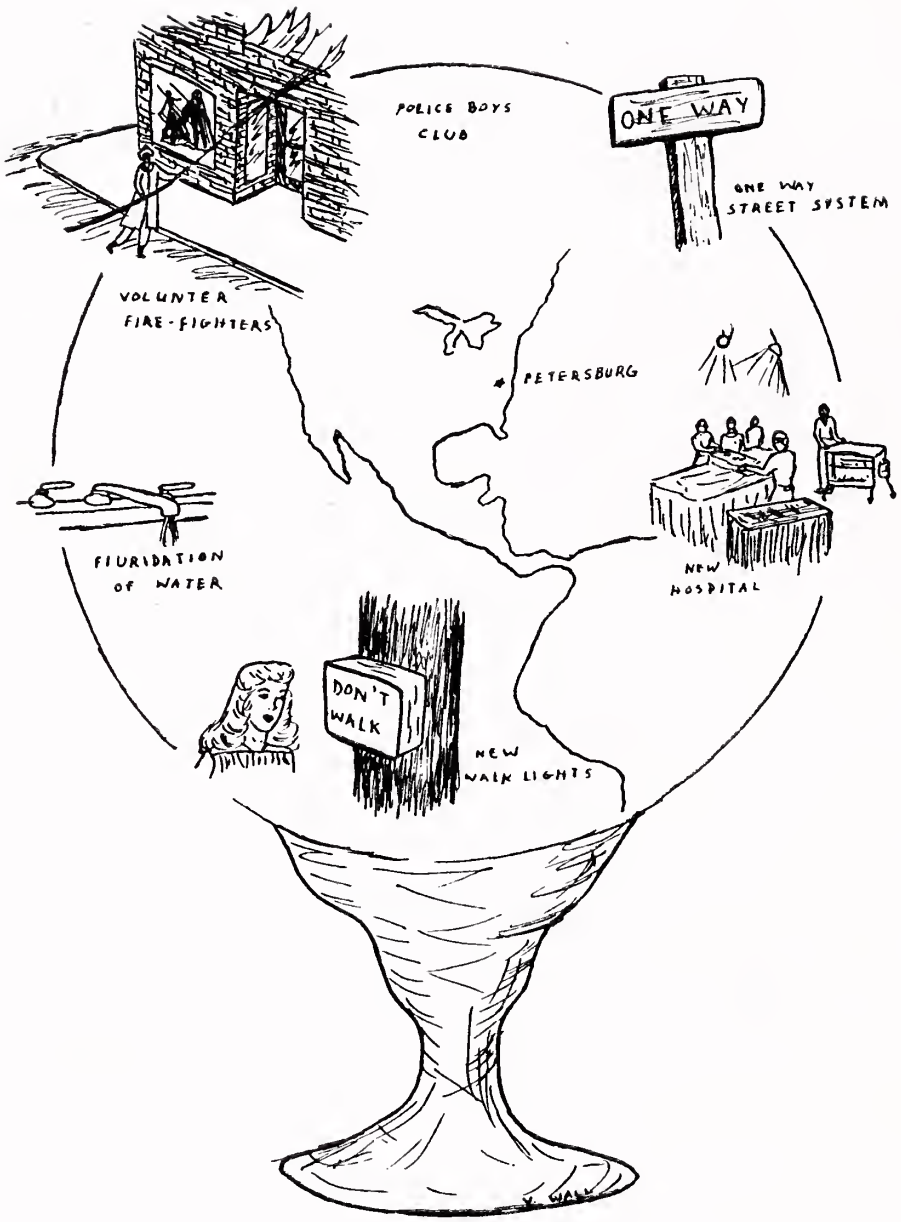
John Wilkes Booth

By JOHN HAINES

My eyes fell on the wall, dust-flecked and bare.
The flickering oil lamp cast this image there.
Then all was gone but haze,
And as I turned my gaze,
His spectre eyed me blankly from the chair.

I clenched my fists, my blood began to race,
I now would meet this devil face to face.
Sweat dots my brow,
My hand goes now,
To the snub colt pistol on the mantelplace.

My heart now senses well its duty clear,
And pounding muscles tell the time is near.
Dictator though he be,
He shall die in infamy.
Abraham Lincoln's heart shall freedom's pellet sear.



Public Welfare

The New Hospital

By BARBARA MAYFIELD

PETERSBURG wanted and needed a new hospital. There was the problem, and the citizens of Petersburg met it squarely and accomplished the task. They did not just replace the old hospital, but they built a new and better one.

The new, $3,176,000 hospital, accommodates one hundred and eighty patients and has modern facilities. There are the facts, now here is how it came about.

In 1949, a few citizens realized the ever-growing need for a new hospital. The old one was overcrowded. It lacked modern facilities and was poorly equipped. It was such a fire hazard that the state fire marshall finally had to condemn it.

These few citizens started a subscription campaign for a new hospital. The citizens accepted the challenge, and a third of the 35,000 people of Petersburg contributed their time and money generously. Civic groups also worked hard to raise the necessary funds. No project had ever received such a unanimous approval of the public.

The realization of this goal was achieved under the leadership of the Hospital Authority with its able chairman, William Earle White. Credit also goes to the City Council and City Manager Roy F. Ash.

This new hospital was Petersburg's first and greatest accomplishment in civic work. It gave Petersburg that push toward the future for a better community.

The hospital stands today as a shining example of what people can do if they really want something bad enough.

People like the sense of security that a good hospital gives a community, especially if they realize that it might save or prolong their lives someday.

However, the result of this achievement was not the feeling that now was the time to rest after a good hard job. Instead it spurred Petersburg on for more and better things.

In some respects Petersburg is like Rip Van Winkle awakening from his long sleep. His beard is long and his gun has grown rusty. He remembers his past vividly and is very proud of it, but he is also inquisitive and excited about the present and future, and what it holds in store for him.

Water System and Distribution Improvements

By PEGGY WILBURN

THE water and the water distribution systems of Petersburg and the surrounding area have been greatly improved in recent years. In the past, the back yard well was the only supply of water. Now the Petersburg area obtains its water from the Appomattox River by means of a canal, from which the water is pumped through underground pipes to the water works, some fifteen blocks away, by the shortest possible route, where it is made ready for domestic use.

In the past November elections, the voters of this area approved a plan for issuing $950,000 in revenue bonds. Of this amount, $400,000 was to be used to build a new sewage system, and the balance was to be used for improvements to the water works and to water distribution. There will be a 60% tax on all water bills until these bonds are paid for.

More than half of the money set aside for water distribution improvements is to be used for new water tanks, one of which will be set up in the Walnut Hill area, where it is badly needed. The new tank will be much higher and will greatly increase the pressure. As it is now, the people who live on a higher level than the height of the water tank receives a very low water pressure. This tank will hold a half-million gallons of water.

There will also be a new tank set up at the end of Halifax Street, which will take the place of three smaller tanks that are serving the area at the present time. The three small tanks hold only 60,000 gallons apiece. The new tank will hold approximately a million gallons of water.

As it stands now, there are three water location systems for the city. The low service area covers the district that is lower to the sea level and where the pressure would easily be obtained. The high service area covers the parts of the city that is on a high level, and must have a fairly high water tank to receive any pressure, as there must be 2¾ feet to receive one pound of pressure. The third area is the Walnut Hill area, which has a system entirely set off from the rest. New pipelines will also have to be laid for these projects.

From the days of hand pumps to the present time when from 3 to 6 million gallons of water are used a day, you can see how the Petersburg water and water distribution systems have greatly improved. And, as with most growing cities, there will be much to be done in future years.

New Fire Station

By JUDY FORD

FORMERLY located on West Bank Street, Fire House Number Two is now located on Fourth Street. This building houses four pieces of equipment, one aerial truck, two pumpers, one a thousand gallon pumper, and another, a five hundred gallon pumper, and the Chief's patrol car.

In this building are the Fire Chief's office, Fire Prevention office, and Recreational Office. Also there is an assembly room where some civic clubs meet. However, the main purpose of this room is to train firemen in fire fighting and fire prevention.

The twelve men, having twenty-four hours on duty and twenty-four hours off, have the advantages of home life. They have the use of a large kitchen, dormitory and a lounge, which is now used as a temporary office for Chief Farmer since his illness, which is equipped with television, radio and other recreation. With such advantages and privileges we may be sure that the firemen of Fire House Number Two under Chief J. N. Farmer are always on the alert and ready to serve the public.

Dusk

By MARGARET MOORE

The dusk comes
On the wings of a dove,
Silent, and swift
From nowhere above.

The dying sun fades
Behind yon hill;
'Tis early evening
And all is still.

The satin sky
Is now bright rose;
A soft, spring wind
Now gently blows.

Birds drifting above
Are a beautiful sight
As a fleeing day
Turns into night.

Petersburg Tuberculosis Association

By SUSAN ELLIOTT

THE Petersburg Tuberculosis Association, originally called the Petersburg Anti-Tuberculosis League, is now in its 35th year of working to combat the disease that causes more deaths than all other infectious diseases combined. The local association is made up of an executive secretary, who works with the tuberculosis nurse. There is a total of thirty-one people on the board.

At Thanksgiving time an effective year-long campaign is begun by the sale of Christmas Seals. The familiar bright-colored stamps are the sole support of the associations which work with city and state health programs in an effort to control one of our major killers. Seven thousand five hundred envelopes are sent out, and with the co-operation of approximately forty percent of those receiving the Seals, about six thousand dollars is obtained each year, which is almost equivalent to the value of all the Seals sent out.

The money raised by the Christmas Seals goes toward many projects, but the finding of cases is one of the more vital activities of the local group and accounts for almost one-fourth of its annual budget. Much of this work is done by chest X-rays through the use of a mobile X-ray unit. This unit is obtained from the State Department of Health under the branch of Tuberculosis Control. During a ten-day visit at the schools, plants, and in the downtown section of Petersburg, seven thousand people were X-rayed last year. The use of a mobile unit in finding cases is especially helpful because it reaches those who are unaware of having symptoms of the disease, and therefore would not visit a clinic or doctor otherwise. The mobile X-ray unit comes to Petersburg about once every seventeen months.

However, this is not the only time when X-rays are made, for in Petersburg's extensive program, X-rays can be made every Thursday throughout the year at the Petersburg Health Clinic. These X-rays not only help in the control of tuberculosis, but also discover other types of pathology such as heart or lung diseases, pneumonia, and rib fractures.

Another large part of the budget goes toward health education which includes community education, working for better hospitals, better health departments, and better laws, and school education, teaching parents and children how to live more healthfully.

A third financial objective is that of improved methods of treatment, including new medicines and specific drugs, which help doctors to care for TB patients. There are eleven hospitals in Virginia that have tuberculosis programs in operation. In this field the Association gives financial aid to city cases in the Blue Ridge and Piedmont Sanatoriums.

In the future the local clinic is planning to begin a program of admission X-rays which would give X-rays to all patients admitted to Petersburg General Hospital. X-rays to people in good health have proved very worth while, but X-rays to the obviously sick might prove to be even more successful.

The Petersburg Police Boys' Club

By EILEEN DORSK

THE Police Boys' Club of Petersburg was started in 1949 by Chief Traylor and some of the men at Police headquarters. Its main purpose was to keep young boys off the street and give them a right start in life.

The club is financed by the Community Chest, but the boys are instructed by the members of the Police force. The club, which meets once every week, will accept any boy, no matter what his past record has been. If a boy commits a crime while a member he is automatically dropped from the organization. Only twenty-one members have had to be dropped, out of 1753 members, since 1949.

The boys conduct their own meeting with an advisor to help them. Their slate of officers are chosen by the boys themselves. They have the same order as the Police have, such as: Chief, Captain, Sergeant, Lieutenant, Corporal, etc. The boys are shown movies, given refreshments, parties on holidays such as Christmas; and have many summer activities.

The Police Boys' Club has helped many a young boy in Petersburg. It is said to have reduced juvenile delinquency, among boys, quite a bit. We're sure everyone wishes them the best of luck in future years. They are doing a fine job.

Distance

By BARBARA MAYFIELD

How far is far?
How near is near?
Why is distance made?
Could it be for fear?

Do we flee fast?
Do we flee slow?
Should we care, if we're late?
No, just go.

Where shall we go?
Where shall we stay?
Is life just a rush?
Just another day?

Let's fly away!
Let's go afar!
Should we return?
No, find a star.

Municipal Recreation Program

By MAYNARD MOORE

THE municipal recreation movement is relatively new in our country, being less than 50 years old. Towns and cities have been realizing more and more each year that a municipality does have an obligation to offer varied phases of recreation to its citizens. Of course, the amount and types of programs widely vary because of needs, local policies, and funds available.

Public recreation programs are not designed to take the place of commercial recreation such as swimming, skating, movies, plays, or professional athletic contests, but to supplement these types of recreation for the community as a whole. However, it is inevitable that many municipal activities will run in competition with commercial activities.

It is also inevitable that public programs will run in some degree of competition with programs of the schools, churches, Y M C A's, Scouts, and many other local organizations. Careful program planning will help to eliminate many of these conflicts, although some duplication will still have to occur. In a given community there is room for recreation programs from any and all agencies to do their part without worrying about having too many programs. However, without co-operation from all local agencies, especially the school system, a municipal program will not be able to survive.

A few years ago Petersburg had hardly anything at all in the way of a city-wide recreation program. A new department was created to give the citizens of our city badly needed public recreation on a large, continuous, year-round scale. Thus a continuous municipal recreation program was formed.

A recreation program, supported by tax funds, such as Petersburg's, has to be designed to accommodate as many persons as funds and facilities will permit. The Petersburg program is thus designed to include white and colored, men and women, adults and children. Due to the acute lack of indoor facilities at its beginning, the youth and teen-age program was generally limited to outdoor activities. This situation has been greatly improved upon by virtue of the establishment of the Harding Street Recreation Center for Negroes with the Armory Recreation Center soon to be in full operation. The indoor centers will be used by the entire community but with a definite emphasis on youth work. Activities to be included at these centers are parties, dances, roller skating, basketball, volley ball, badminton, ping pong, shuffleboard, checkers, cards, and a tea room with a snack bar. There are enough activities for all boys and girls to find something to their liking.

Some of the activities started by the present Department of Recreation since its activation in 1953 are as follows:

Varied adult classes and hobby shops.
Elementary School Touch Football League.
City Free-Throw Tournament.
Track and Field Day.
Lee Park Night Recreation Area.
West Street Night Recreation Area.
McKenzie Street Playground.
Harding Street Recreation Center.
Improvements to many existing conditions and facilities.

Planned for the future are:

Armory Recreation Center.
Walnut Hill Playground.
Lawrence Street Playground.

Here are basic objectives which the Petersburg Recreation Department is trying to achieve:

1. To offer sheer enjoyment for any citizen by active or passive participation in some phase of the program.
2. To indirectly lessen delinquency by offering the youth something wholesome to do. (This *does not* imply that the program is set up only for the underprivileged.)
3. To offer social improvement to individuals through contacts and associations.
4. To offer physical development for those who desire it, but especially among the youth.

As you can see, the Petersburg Recreation Department has done a marvelous job in the last two years, even with the lack of facilities, funds, and materials. Truly, this department had much to do with the naming of our fair city "Petersburg, the All-American City".

Nature's Symphony

By SCOTTY STEELE

The symphony heard on a warm summer night
Is one of rare beauty filled with delight;
The crickets, while chirping their trilling refrain,
Are joined by the swamp owl's softening strain.

Bass frogs and croakers with resonane sound
Complete a chorus rarely found.
Oh, could I choose a classic so rare,
I'd prefer this music in summer night air.

The Southside Emergency Crew

By SHELLY DAVIS

YES, Petersburg is truly an All-American City, but as in any city, whether All-American or not, there are accidents and emergencies. However, in Petersburg, the citizens are extremely fortunate in having an organization such as the Southside Emergency Crew on twenty-four hours duty to come to their aid in situations of this kind.

The Southside Emergency Crew, organized in Petersburg in May of 1944, and started taking calls in February, 1945.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce, although it gave no financial aid, became interested in organizing a rescue crew in Petersburg and invited interested persons to apply. The group had eighteen charter members, and Howard Holmes, a former teacher at Petersburg High School, was the first captain.

Since they organized during World War II, there was some difficulty in acquiring the needed equipment. They finally got one oxygen tent which was the first in the city and the Kiwanis Club donated an iron lung. They also had a three-way unit to help with breathing. There were, of course, many different first-aid supplies in addition to the above mentioned equipment.

Most of the men had some first-aid training and were required to have completed at least the advanced course. The crew learned to use the machines as they acquired them, and each member was supposed to be familiar with all of the equipment.

Even though the Southside Emergency Crew celebrated its tenth anniversary in February, 1955, still they have not expanded too much in membership. The present number of members is twenty-five. In comparison with the one oxygen tent they began with, there are now seven.

Most of the group's cases are concerned with heart conditions and in restoring breathing; however, they never refuse a call even if it isn't one of their regular types of cases. In many cases, they are summoned by a doctor after he receives a call.

In the beginning, Crew members received calls and directions by telephone, but now there are two-way radios on all the mobile units. This makes them much more efficient since they can get directions en-route to their destinations. All calls are received by the desk sergeant at the Police station and relayed by telephone to the homes of the Crew members who are on duty at that particular time. The shifts are set up and the members are notified about four weeks before their time for duty.

The organization has four mobile units which include two station wagons, one panel truck, and one pick-up truck. The radios on these vehicles are on the same frequency as the police cars; therefore the police may call the trucks and give directions or information at any time.

The group's officers are not president, vice-president, etc., as other clubs, but are entirely different. The head is called a captain, and there is a first lieutenant, two second lieutenants and five sergeants.

There is also a secretary. A board of directors is also a part of the group, and it takes care of the finances and welfare of the crew. Ellsworth Collier is the present captain suceeding T. T. Musgrove. Five of the local doctors are on the board and keep the members informed on the latest methods of treating various diseases.

Persons over eighteen years of age who are interested in working with the group, first send in their applications. They are then investigated in regard to character, availability, and other responsibilities. The group is compelled to turn down many persons when they feel that they won't have the free time that the work requires. There is no set age limit, but they prefer men under forty-five. Each man has to have an agreement with his employer that he may leave his job immediately when he receives an emergency call.

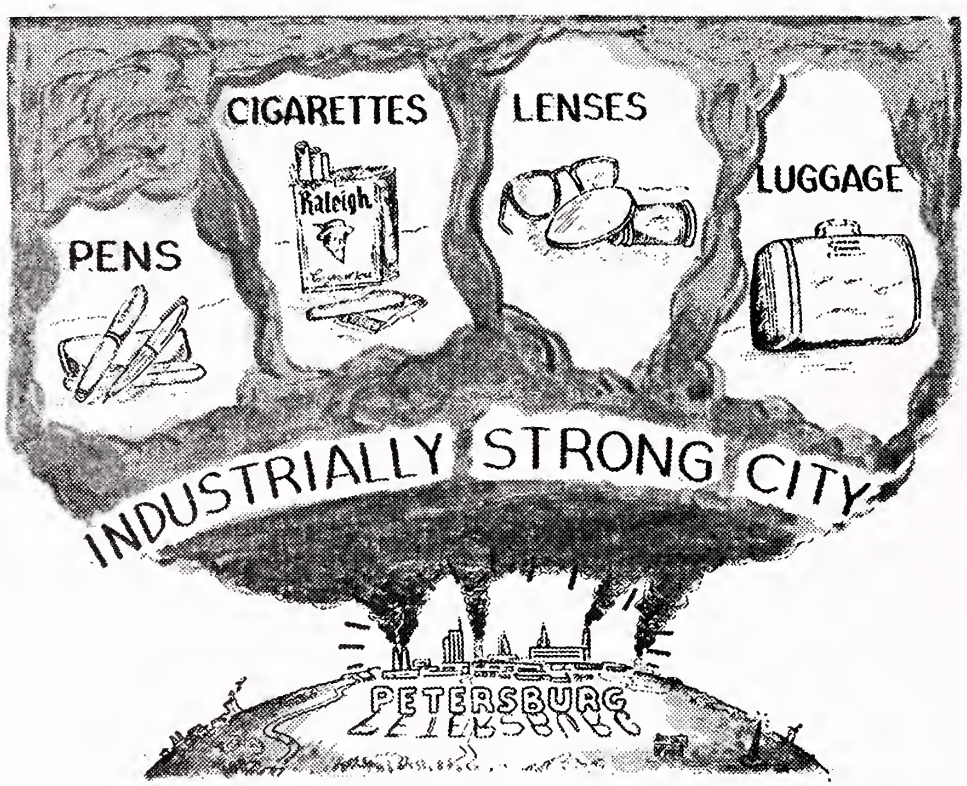
The group owns $20,000 worth of equipment and its own headquarters on Wythe Street. The crew members don't receive any payment for their services, but operate entirely on public donations. The Community Chest is the largest contributor and its money is used only for such things as maintenance of equipment and insurance on equipment and men. They don't charge anything for their services, but they do ask people who use oxygen tents for a long period of time to pay for the oxygen which is very expensive. Also many persons who are helped by them send in small and large donations as tokens of their appreciation.

The aims of the group are to teach first aid, encourage safety, prevent accidents, and to act in emergencies to the best of their ability. In carrying out the above things, they usually teach two or three classes in first-aid each year.

The Southside Emergency Crew is an independent group, but each year the forty such rescue crews in the state hold a convention, and there they participate in contests involving the use of first-aid equipment. The Petersburg group has won first place several times, and in 1954 won second place.

One case last year which shows their speed and efficiency occurred in Colonial Heights in March of '54. A young girl passing by the Colonial Apartments saw a four-year-old boy hanging from a swing chain. She ran and lifted the child up so that the pressure on the neck was relieved, and screamed until help arrived. Mr. E. N. Bunts at his job on Farmer Street received the call and went around through Ettrick to miss the heavy noon-day traffic. When he reached the intersection of the Boulevard and Dupuy Road, a call came over the two-way radio on the station wagon asking him his location. He gave it and was told that a police car would meet him on Westover Avenue to lead him to the place. On his arrival, a police officer was giving artificial respiration. This was replaced by giving the child oxygen by artificial means. The child's skin was very dark for lack of air and there was a blockage in the throat which was removed by a doctor. Mr. Bunts then accompanied the child in the ambulance to the hospital giving him oxygen enroute. At the end of a week, the child was completely well and playing about as happy as ever.

Whenever an emergency arises, remember—the Southside Emergency Crew is your servant twenty-four hours a day, twelve months a year.


CIGARETTES
LENSES
LUGGAGE
PENS
Raleigh
INDUSTRIALLY STRONG CITY
PETERSBURG

Industries

Tobacco in Petersburg

By BETTY HARVEY

SINCE the day of John Smith and Pocahontas when the Indians taught the white man how to plant, cultivate, cure and use a leaf called tobacco, the tobacco industry has become a prominent business in Virginia. Thus, it is in Petersburg today. It is one of the largest and oldest industries in our city, and one of which we can be both proud and boastful.

Starting with the days when "Ole Virginia" was a state of plantations and good old southern hospitality, one of which was to offer your guest a "good smoke," Petersburg has been a Tobacco center. Farmers and Plantation "massas" came from far and near to the tobacco auctions to buy and sell their tobacco. Today this city is still the scene of many tobacco auctions and also has the reputation of being one of the best and largest tobacco markets in the state.

Here in the city, the manufacture of cigarettes and smoking tobacco is largely the work of the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, makers and distributors of such popular brands of cigarettes as "Kool," "Raleigh" and "Viceroy." The company, whose home office is in Louisville, Kentucky, started operations in Petersburg in August, 1932. Since that time, operations have expanded to the point where all available space in the company's five processing buildings, located in the heart of the city's industrial area, is being utilized. Other buildings house the machine shop, the shipping department and tobacco storage warehouses. The entire plant is bounded on three sides by Perry, Brown and Lawrence Streets, showing that it covers a large area. The tobacco warehouses are located on West Washington and South West Streets. The company employs around 2,500 workers who work in spotlessly clean, ultra-modern environments. One will surely notice when seeing a shift leave, how fresh they appear and also the absence of fatigue on their faces.

Besides being one of the city's leading industries, this concern is also a market for one of the south's leading farm crops, that being tobacco. The tobacco they use not only comes from North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Near East, but from local farms as well. The people of Petersburg do not realize what a great service this company renders the community through employment, civic cooperation and to the local tobacco-growing empire. The Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation surely is a main factor in our city's happiness and prosperity.

Growing tobacco from a seed in beds early in the spring, to pulling and curing tobacco in barns tended by local farmers, Petersburg's tobacco market is peculiar to this locality in that the entire life of a tobacco leaf is handled within the radius of a few miles of the city.

Import is not excluded, for filler, molasses, paper and foreign tobaccos are brought to the city, making Petersburg a tobacco market. A leaf handed the white man by his Indian friend many moons ago brought prosperity to him today by patient study, safe and efficient machinery, understanding manufacturers and satisfied customers.

Titmus Optical Company

By MAYNARD MOORE

TITMUS OPTICAL LENS COMPANY is the fruit of many men's labors during many years of toil. The present Titmus Optical Company began in a jewelry shop about the turn of the century. Mr. Edward H. Titmus developed his business from practically nothing.

Mr. E. H. Titmus was born on Cross Street here in Petersburg and quit school in the fourth grade to go to work for a jeweler on Sycamore Street. Mr. Titmus had had many jobs before this one and was to have many more. His salary at this time was a dollar and fifty cents a week which included sixty hours a week.

Later in his life, Mr. Titmus attended the Philadelphia Horological College for three months. Here he learned watchmaking.

Then in 1900 Mr. Titmus married and later in 1902, Mr. Titmus started a watchmaking business of his own with $35.00 in his pocket. He rented a corner of the old Y. M. C. A. building on Sycamore Street, a space just big enough for a six-foot showcase and his bench, for ten dollars a month. Mr. Titmus in a few months had over $800.00 and gradually began to expand.

There was a need for opticians in Petersburg, so Mr. Titmus took courses in Richmond two nights a week to learn the business. In 1916 they began experimental work on the manufacture of ophthalmic lenses in the rear of the jewelry store. The building gradually became too small as they were selling all the lenses they could make. Their first building that they built was on Commerce Street, 50 feet by 120 feet, two stories high.

Then, around the end of World War I, bankruptcy almost forced the Titmus Optical Lens Company to close. But Mr. Titmus took profits from his thriving jewelry business and the Optical business gradually began to improve again.

Through the years more buildings were erected, more people were hired, and, consequently, more lens were made. Almost all of their machinery is made in their own machine shop, which is second largest in the city. The land of the company is now about four and one-quarter acres, and floor space is approximately one hundred and seventy-six thousand five hundred square feet. This still leaves more land for further expansion.

Back in 1916, when the company started, there were three employees. Now they total approximately eleven hundred people.

The Titmus Optical Company, Incorporated, is still thriving very well and, no doubt, will continue to thrive throughout the coming years. This company is an important asset to our city, one of many businesses making it "Petersburg, the All-American City."

Seward Trunk and Bag Company

By IRVING LEWIS

THE establishment of a great industry in Petersburg began, so the story goes, when an itinerant worker stopped in at the home of Mrs. Simon Seward asking for food and lodging for the night and promising in return to make her a trunk. He was allowed to stay. When Mr. Simon Seward came home from the flour mill that he and Henry Munt owned, he became fascinated by this man who was making his wife a trunk from scrap wood and a covering. He called in some men to watch the progress of the trunk and to learn how it was done.

The man stayed on for a few more days making trunks for interested neighbors, then he continued on his wandering way, completely unaware of the ideas and interest he had stirred in Simon's breast.

Mr. Seward's dream became to establish a modern industry for the manufacture of trunks. This dream came true when he and Mr. Munt started the Seward Trunk and Bag Company in 1878. This founding made Petersburg and the two men famous at home and abroad.

The first trunks produced were crude ones, hand-made by skilled craftsmen. Then a professional trunk-maker came down from Baltimore to supervise the business and he improved the quality of the trunk. The location of the plant was changed several times due to the increasing popularity and demand for trunks. In 1889 the company began the manufacture of traveling bags in addition to trunks.

Mr. Seward had so much faith in the new industry that he sold his part of the flour mill to his partner Henry Munt and centered all of his attentions in his trunk and bag factory.

A fire in 1891 which destroyed the building and plant then located in Ettrick, and the panic of 1892-93 were both weathered. After the First World War, Petersburg became the greatest trunk center in the world. The years 1919 and 1920 were the most prosperous for the industry.

As success brought competition and imitators, other trunking concerns sprang up in Petersburg. In 1948 the name of the luggage company became Seward Luggage Manufacturing Company, because the competition had grown so keen that it threatened all the manufacturers with ruin unless they were brought under one central control.

Today the Seward Luggage Manufacturing Company operates two luggage plants in Petersburg — one on High Street where lockers, box trunks and wardrobe trunks are made, the other on Lawrence Street where all types of hand luggage and the plywood used in both factories are produced. Both are favorably located on railroad sidings from which shipments are made each day to all parts of the United States and to company-operated warehouses in several large cities.

This great and well-known company supplies many people with jobs and Petersburg with handsome well-made luggage. The present officers of the Seward Luggage Manufacturing Company are William R. Seward, President; Bernard J. Seward, First Vice-President; Robert A. Totty, Vice-President; A. L. Seward, Treasurer and Vice-President; and R. R. Liskey, Secretary.

Clouds

By JOAN PARCELLS

The fluffy clouds are floating by
Like puffs of cotton in the sky,
Or cotton candy at the fair,
Perhaps soft Christmas angel's hair.

Sometimes on dark and stormy days,
Before my wide and wondering gaze,
There passes by a flock of sheep,
And rolling billows on the deep.

And then some days when the wind is blowing,
A parade of figures seems to be going
On a journey along the wide blue road,
A little old fellow bent with his load.

At the close of day when the sun has set,
Tinting clouds with hues man hasn't mixed yet,
A treasure of jewels and gold in the sky,
Is a gift to mankind from our Lord on high.

The Storm

By DOTTIE GILL

The wind came striding by my house
With full and gliding gait;
It knocked upon my window pane,
It pulled the garden gate.

It drew the trees this way and that,
It made their branches shake;
The wires vibrated 'neath its breath,
And waves broke on the lake.

The birds had huddled in their nest,
The squirrels, they had too;
And all to do was pray to God
Until the storm was through.

The Farm Market Center

By EILEEN ROSE DORSK

THE Old Market Center, a venerable structure of unusual architectural and interesting iron ornamentation, is thought to occupy the site of the first of many tobacco warehouses which raised Petersburg from the status of frontier outpost to a populous colonial town. This was the warehouse of Robert Bolling, at Bolling's Point, for which inspection was authorized as early as 1730, and which perhaps had been in existence for some time.

Near the Old Market Center, John Randolph of Roanoke gave indisputable proof of physical courage by capturing a desperado who had been terrorizing the community. The market suffered from Federal shells invariably, during the siege of 1864-1865, because it was so close to the railroad station and bridges from which the invasions were made.

In 1805, Robert Bolling donated the old building for a public market. In the early days it was the only place in Petersburg where meats and vegetables could be sold.

The building is now leased by operators of a grocery store and meat market. It had been closed down for the past few years. Just recently it has been reconstructed, and re-opened as the Farm Market Center of Petersburg.

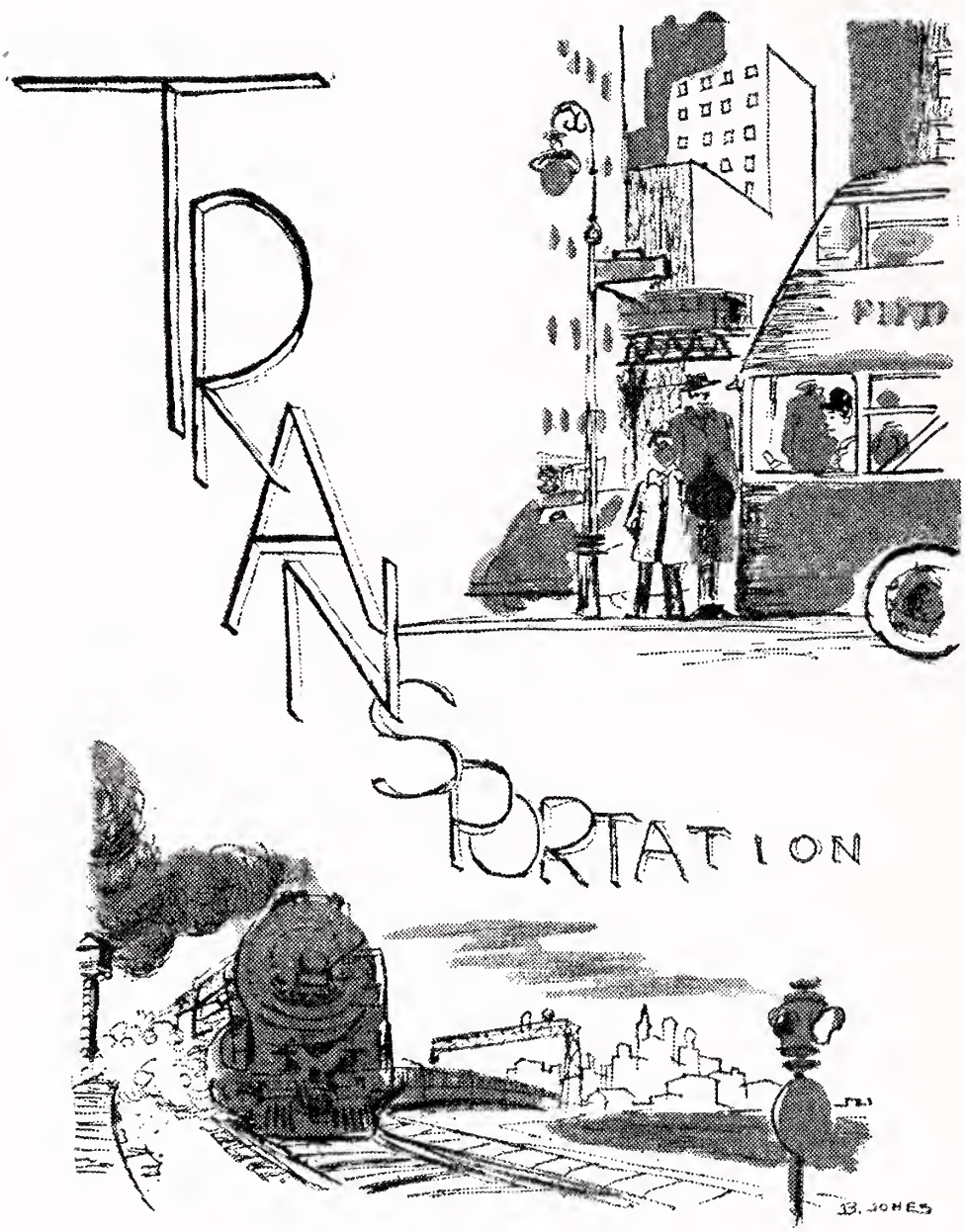
Music

By MARGO HARTLE

Music is sorrow, laughter, and light.
Music is birds in a beautiful flight.
Sometimes it is rain pouring down on my roof,
Or maybe an eagle, high and aloof.

And then the deep chords ring out to me,
And I see a queen and her company,
Or rolling meadows, brilliant sun,
Fields in which I run and run.

Music compels us to listen and be
Transformed to be blessed with tranquility.
Some songs set your soul on fire;
Other fill us with a quiet desire.


TRANSPORTATION
B. JONES

Improved Transportation Condition

By SUSAN ELLIOTT

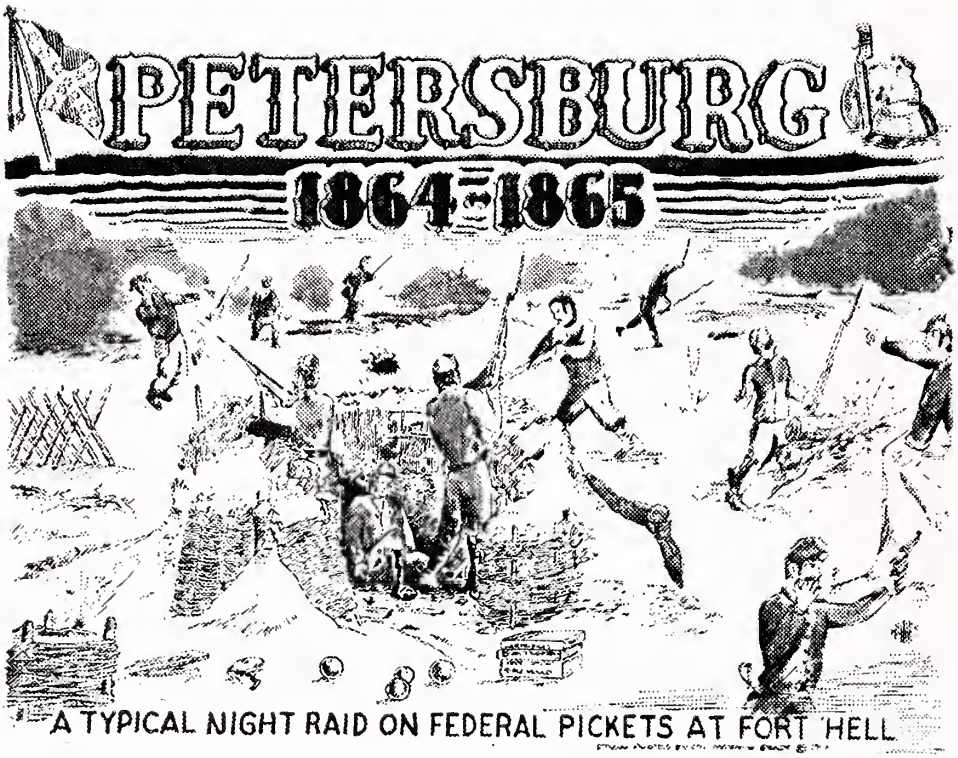
PETERSBURG, under the direction of the city engineer, Mr. Whitworth Cotten, has done much work in the past two years to improve traffic conditions in the city, including a new system of one-way streets and re-routing, and an extensive program of street maintenance.

The one-way street system was put into effect in September of 1953 under a total cost of $60,000, forty-two per-cent of which was paid by the state. This money was spent mainly on the resurfacing of some of the streets, the widening of Market Street, three additional street lights, and numerous directional signs. This project has proved to be very profitable, for there is now a steady flow of traffic from Bollingbrook Street on to the Appomattox Bridge, whereas there used to be a bottleneck at this intersection. Outbound traffic has increased to a great extent.

To correspond with these changes, a new system of routing for Routes 1 and 301 was formed. These routes were altered only a few blocks so as to cut down traffic jams on Sycamore Street.

Under-the-street maintenance projects resurfacing has been done to sections of Washington, Sycamore, and Market Streets, and to parts of the Hopewell Road and Crater Road. Some of the streets have been widened. Also, parking lots have been formed at Market and Old Streets. New streets have been constructed at Fort Henry, in the Lakemont area, and at Oxford Place. There have been no very large projects made in one place, but streets have been constructed or improved in many localities throughout the city. The state provides a large part of the money needed for street maintenance in Petersburg.

The city is making future plans to construct parking lots on the west side of Monroe Street and on Washington Street at the location of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Station. Also, a curb-and-gutter program will be set up to have two miles of improvements made each year.



A TYPICAL NIGHT RAID ON FEDERAL PICKETS AT FORT HELL

Petersburg of the Past

At the Falls of the Appamattucks

By BUZZ NOWLIN

WHILE exploring the falls of the Appamattucks River in 1607, John Smith was captured by Chief Powhatan's tribe near the site of Petersburg. Later he was saved from execution and released by Pocahontas, the Indian princess.

Fort Henry, built on the banks of the Appamattucks in 1646 for "the protection of the inhabitants on the south side of the James" was the actual beginning of this city. Built by Governor Sir William Berkeley, who was unable to maintain it, the fort was leased to Abraham Wood, whose leadership made the fort a flourishing and foremost trading post and garrison. Many expeditions led by Wood and Edmund Bland opened up the country beyond, and through their example, brought about the settlement of the middle west.

The founder of this city, Major Peter Jones, who succeeded Abraham Wood as commander of Fort Henry and as owner of the trading post, saw "Peter's Point" grow under his able leadership and by 1733 when William Byrd claimed to have laid the foundation of the city, Peter's Point was an old and prospering settlement.

The Revolutionary campaign of 1781 brought General Benedict Arnold, traitor, and General Phillips to Petersburg. The British armies marched on Petersburg and after valiant resistance put up by the militiamen, who retired in good order, General Phillips made his headquarters here. He campaigned towards Richmond until the arrival of General Lafayette with Continental troops. Lafayette, unable to dislodge Phillips by shelling Petersburg, retired to Richmond and occupied the north bank of the James. Lord Cornwallis marched into Petersburg and joined under his command all the British forces in Virginia in a maneuver to capture Lafayette. Lafayette escaped northward and Cornwallis countermarched to the coast and entrenched his army at Yorktown, where he and his army were captured, ending the Virginia campaign and the Revolutionary War.

The valor of Petersburg was again put to a test in the War of 1812 at Fort Meigs. The Petersburg Volunteers, captured by Richard McRae, distinguished themselves so valiantly that President Madison referred to Petersburg as the "Cockade City." This name, derived from the decorative ribbons on the shakoes, has remained with Petersburg ever since.

Virginia, uncertain whether to leave the Union or fight her sister states, debated long over her decision and chose to secede from the Union and join the Confederate States of America. In response to Virginia's decision, men of Petersburg promptly formed seventeen companies. The city saw no fighting until May 1864, when General Butler landed at Bermuda Hundred with the Army of the James. Butler's campaign was short as he was defeated by General Beauregard at Drewry's Bluff and the Federals turned their attention elsewhere until June. Petersburg awoke the morning of June 9, 1864, amid the daily tasks that are carried on in an average city—average, that is, for a city

in the midst of war—her men gone, only old men and young boys left. All was usual until scouts reported Federal troops advancing on the city. With the ringing of the courthouse bell, the news spread rapidly and one hundred and twenty-five convalescents, old men and boys made ready for battle just east of the city. This group held the Federals long enough for reinforcements to arrive. Thus Petersburg became the last major battle-field of the War Between the States.

Grant arrived with his army and failing to carry the city in a four day assault, entrenched his forces and began the siege. The Battle of the Crater, one of the largest battles and most daring military schemes, brought defeat to the Federals, who perpetrated the plan. The Federal plan, suggested by a Pennsylvania mining engineer, was to undermine a whole Confederate entrenchment, blow it up, rush soldiers through the gap, and capture the city. The fuse was lit and after some delay the charge exploded. With the explosion the Federals charged, only to be turned back into the Crater by General Mahone's countercharge, where they fell under the Confederate crossfire. Thus the siege operations were again carried on. By March 1865, the contest of extending entrenchments was weakening the Confederate line. Even the capture of Fort Stedman, on the east of the city, failed to cut Grant's line and the Confederates were forced to retire to Petersburg because of the lack of reinforcements. Thus the final military maneuver failed and Petersburg, as well as Richmond, was evacuated by the Confederates as a long thin gray line stretched to Appomattox where the greatest period of chivalry of romance ended forever. Petersburg had risen at the falls of the Appamattucks and its greatest period of history had died at the fall of Appomattox.

Petersburg has sent her men into both World Wars and into the Korean conflict.

Although chiefly known for her bravery in time of war, Petersburg has also contributed to the arts of peace. Sir William Skipwith, fleeing from the wrath of Oliver Cromwell, and John Daly Burke, fleeing from Ireland after the rebellion of 1798, found refuge here. After the Revolution, Washington and Lafayette were entertained here, during Lafayette's return visit to the United States.

In 1866 the women of Petersburg formed a memorial association to honor annually the brave who had so valiantly defended the city on June 9, 1864. Petersburg also influenced the establishment by Congress of a National Memorial Day, which is celebrated on May 30. The first municipal public health department in the United States was established in this city about 1780.

There are memories of victory and of disasters, of sorrow and of hope; Petersburg has many memories, some dimmed by the sands of time and some remembered and cherished. The people of Petersburg are a modern people, but keep alive the traditions and beauty of old Virginia. They are good citizens with a sensible outlook on life and a people who love their city and homes with a fidelity unsurpassed throughout history.

All References in "History of Petersburg" by J. T. Morriss.

The Battle of the Crater

By IRA LEE ANDREWS

ON June 25th, 1864, the 48th Pennsylvania Regiment, which was composed of coal miners from Pottsville, Penn., began an undertaking which even today stands out in American military history. On that day, these coal miners started to dig a tunnel which would be approximately 400 feet in length and would extend under a battery of Confederate artillery.

Around July 1, the Rebel troops became suspicious of underground noises, so they dug counter-mines, to locate any Yankee tunnel which might be there. However, this venture was abandoned, because it proved to be unfruitful. The miners of the 48th Regiment, meanwhile, undaunted by the Confederates' actions, kept digging until finally on July 23, their mine shaft was completed.

The completion of this tunnel was a big climax for the Union soldiers, but their officers didn't know just when to explode the terrific charge of 8,000 lbs. of gunpowder. Meantime, General Grant had sent General Winfield Hancock with his II Corps northward, across the river, and onward to attack the defense lines of Richmond. When Lee, whose headquarters was at Violet Bank, now in Colonial Heights, saw Grant's move, he sent five of his eight divisions to re-inforce the Richmond defenses.

This was just what the Yankees wanted, for the Confederate defenses, thus weakened by the loss of five full divisions, would probably give in readily to the force of IX Corps' 15,000 men.

On the morning of July 30, at 4:44 A. M., four tons of gunpowder heaved earth, men, and cannon skyward in a tremendous explosion. Immediately Gen. Burnside's IX Corps rushed toward the gaping hole in the Confederates' defense line and then stormed through Petersburg. The Rebels seemed to have an entirely different concept of the picture, for they, numbering almost a meager 2,000 men, dug into their line and stuck with the grit and stamina of human machines. The Yankees steadily advanced on the hole in the line and just as they were about to go through, they saw the smoke and fire of the Rebels' guns as the one wide-open hole was filled with raging gunfire, supported by withering artillery fire. Wave after wave of Yankees came towards the Rebels in the breach, and wave after wave of Yankees was sent reeling backwards. Quickly, reinforcements were brought up and the line held intact. When the opposing armies stopped to lick their wounds, they found that the Rebels had lost only 300 men, while the Yankees were staggered with the loss of about 4,000 fighters.

This great battle was insignificant strategically, for Petersburg hung on until April 2, 1865, when its defenses completely collapsed.

Today, the Crater and its adjoining museum attracts approximately 3,000 visitors each month. The people of Petersburg owe it to themselves to see this historic landmark, for it will bring them to a deeper appreciation of their lives, their liberty, and their various pursuits of happiness.

Centre Hill Mansion

By JUDITH SCHULTZ

THE Centre Hill Mansion was built in 1825, and was one of three such houses built by Robert Bolling, a member of a family prominent in settling Petersburg.

The house passed to several owners and finally Mr. Bolling bought it and gave it to the United States Government who in turn gave it to the city of Petersburg.

It was made into a museum and now contains relics from the history of Petersburg. The main collections are from the Civil War, in which Petersburg played a large part.

The Great Waters

By BETSY HARGRAVE

The brook is a boy,
Bubbling with joy
As its newly discovered delights.
It had found it could run
As free as one
Who is flying up in the heights.

The river's a man
Who thinks he can
Always have his own way.
He's fierce and strong
As he pushes along,
Moving all in his path astray.

The sea is a god,
Who gives a nod,
And all desire to obey.
So great is his power,
That others must cower
In fear at his masterful way.

Old Blandford Church and Cemetery

By IRA LEE ANDREWS

In Petersburg, although we are obviously indifferent to the fact, we have some of the most historically valuable places in the entire United States. One place especially has a very rich heritage which began about 1735—Blandford Church and cemetery.

After Williamsburg began to prosper, and people moved onward, religion too, moved with them. The Church of England, which was the American church at the time, was divided into parishes, with each parish consisting of one congregation. As the church extended, more and more of these parishes were established, and their churches were called "Chapels of Ease", for they literally made it much easier for a preacher to visit.

In Petersburg, Ferry Chapel was established and was the center of religious life for this area. It was situated on the Appomattox River below the Pocahontas Bridge and so-named because there was a river ferry station at that place. In a few years, this wooden structure began to deteriorate, and rather than expend their funds to renovate that old building, they erected a new, brick sanctuary atop Welles' Hill, which we know as Old Blandford Church. Its official name was the Bristol Parish Church, for then a parish had been formed.

Around the church a wall was constructed within which the members buried their deceased; thus began the Blandford Cemetery.

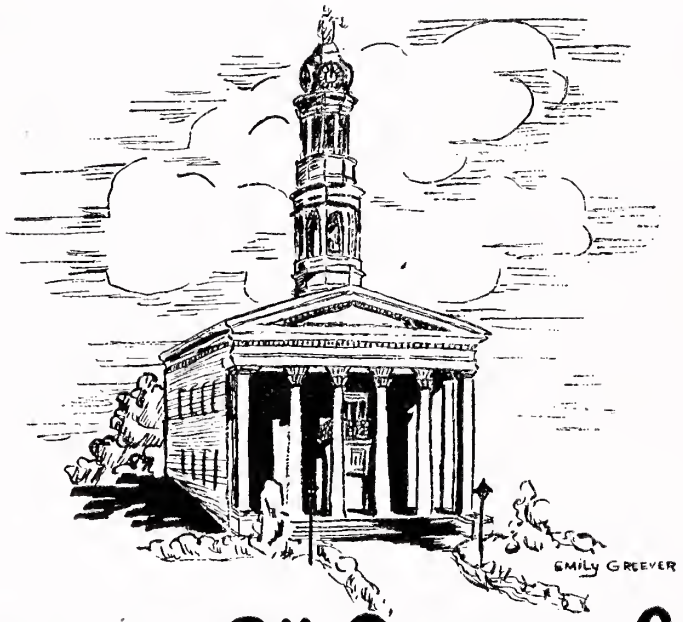
About 20 years later, or in 1755, the church had expanded to such an extent that the congregation had to build an additional section to their sanctuary, which today is the north wing of the church. It was used from that time until 1806, when the congregaton abandoned it for a brand new facility, located on Courthouse Hill in downtown Petersburg.

In 1819, the city was given the deed to the church, but never did any work of restoration or preservation on it. People came and took the original furnishings as they pleased. However, in 1866, after the Civil War, the Ladies Memorial Association was given the use of the church and grounds. This organization was composed of widows, sweethearts, mothers, and close relatives of those Petersburg men and boys who lost their lives defending their city. These ladies buried the bodies in proper fashion, which had been hastily buried in the last days of the war.

In 1882 the old tile roof was replaced with the present slate roof, because of damage inflicted by Union artillery during the siege of Petersburg. Afterwards, however, a semi-neglected stage followed, with the Ladies Memorial Association doing work occasionally on the structure. The Ladies Memorial Organization decided in 1901 that the building should be preserved as a Confederate Shrine, so steps immediately were taken.

Each Confederate state gladly donated a window, with the exception of Kentucky. These windows were done by Louis Tiffany of New York and are said by many to be the most exquisite stained glass windows of their type in the world. The windows are painted with portrayals of the Disciples of Christ, and their colors are done by lighter tones, rather than deep tones used by the majority of other artists.

These give the atmosphere of reverence to enrich the lives of any who let it.



"Petersburg, All-American City"

The Court House

By KAY SCOGGIN

IT WAS June 9, 1864, and in the little town of Petersburg, all was quite peaceful. In other parts of Virginia there was much fighting between the Northern and Southern armies.

Suddenly the bells in the tower of the court house on Sycamore Street rang out loud and clear. The people of the town were alarmed for this could mean only one thing. These bells were warning them of the approach of the Yankees! True enough, the Federal Cavalry under the command of General Kautz was entering Petersburg. The local troops had gone to fight in other parts of the State, so the old men and young boys of the town resisted the army heroically until regular troops could arrive.

This is one of the many exciting events which our old court house has witnessed. It was planned in 1838 and completed in 1839 on the site of the old Episcopal Church and can be truly called one of the city's "architectural gems". Many people have said that this building is a reproduction of the Chapel of St. Mary Le Bow in London which was a Sir Christopher Wrenn design. However, upon comparing pictures of these two buildings, it may be easily seen that there is very little resemblance between the two, although there is some similarity in their towers. Nevertheless this fact does not degrade our court house in the least because it is the style of architecture which Christopher Wrenn used in building his churches in London.

The court house was a rallying place, and it was there that two companies of volunteers for the Mexican War were organized, then disbanded after service. On April 20, 1861, another group of volunteer companies marched out from the court house square to answer the call of Virginia. It was also said that during the siege of 1864-1865 Federal Troops could tell the time of day by the court house clock, and that although their shells inflicted upon the building made extensive repairs necessary, the old clock never failed to keep perfect time.

Today the court house has a court which is called the Virginia Court of Records. This court tries all kinds of cases. The Judge is Oliver A. Pollard who succeeded Judge Richard T. Wilson.

Our court house is a lovely old building, and its beauty as well as its history should be preserved and appreciated by the citizens of Petersburg.

J. HAINES

Citizen Action

The Community Chest

By ANN POPE

"Look Mommy! Why do those men have Red Feathers in their hats?" asked a small boy on one of the downtown streets of Petersburg.

"They have contributed to the Community Chest, Tommy," replied his mother.

"The Community Chest, what's that?"

This is not only the question of a small child, but also the question of many older people in the city of Petersburg.

The idea and goal of the Community Chest is to reduce the number of money-raising campaigns. When you contribute to the Community Chest each year you are aiding twenty-one different organizations. If each of these twenty-one had a drive of their own, people would not be inclined to be as interested or as generous in their contributions because of too many solicitations.

The Community Chest is a central organization of volunteer workers of the Petersburg area which raises funds to help carry on the work of these agencies. It was organized in Petersburg in the 1920's but was disbanded in a few years. In 1941, due to the efforts and hard work of the citizens and Chamber of Commerce, a much-needed Community Chest was reorganized in Petersburg.

To be an agency of the Chamber of Commerce, organizations have to meet certain standards of low cost, efficient administration, and fill a real need in the community. There is an Agency Study Committee composed of 30 busy citizens who study the agencies to see if they meet these requirements and are operating in the proper manner.

During October, usually the last two weeks, the Chest launches its big campaign. For the past two years, the drive has started off with a parade which sets the public aware that the Community Chest Drive has begun.

Last year the campaign was under the capable guidance of Mr. William L. Stanton, Campaign Chairman, and Mr. George H. Lewis, Jr., President. The goal was $94,997.00, and results went over that to reach a total of $98,882.00. This year's President will be Dr. Herbert Jones and at the time this article was written the campaign chairman had not been selected.

All industries, civic organizations, mercantile associations, and residential sections of Petersburg are canvassed and lend their support to the drive.

The money is divided among the agencies according to their individual needs.

The Community Chest greatly helped Petersburg in obtaining the All-American-City Award. By giving, you contributed to the Police Boys' Club, the Y. M. C. A.'s, the Boy and Girl Scouts, and many others which help Petersburg to have a very low juvenile delinquency rate. The Southside Virginia Emergency Crew, Inc., one of Petersburg's most outstanding organizations, is aided financially by the Community Chest, helps to make Petersburg a safe place in which to live.

The Willingness of Citizens on Defense Effort

By BARBARA MAYFIELD

ONE hot summer afternoon at about 6:30 P. M. several large planes flew over Petersburg. This was the city's first enemy air attack. The citizens, however, were not greatly alarmed, since they knew that it was a simulated enemy air attack for the purpose of civil defense.

The six planes were spotted by the Ground Observers Corps, situated on the top floor of the hospital. They telephoned Richmond and informed of the planes, their number, altitude, kind, and direction. This corps maintains a twelve-hour watch throughout the year giving Richmond information concerning low flying planes.

As the planes passed over Sycamore Street, the noise of exploding bombs was heard, and black smoke rose from the roof tops.

The results of excited people, trying to help, can sometimes prove fatal to injured persons. Therefore, over thirty-two children and adults volunteered to act as victims of the bombing.

At the Civil Defense Station, they received realistic looking wounds, which were painted on their bodies. Some of them appeared so real that a few girls felt dizzy when they looked at them.

These volunteers stationed themselves along the business block of Sycamore. They climbed into overturned cars, lay under fallen timbers, sprawled in the gutters and street (in dire pain), and along the side walks.

Next, it was the job of the Red Cross workers, stretcher bearers, emergency crews, ambulances, and civil defense workers to transport the victims to a first-aid station or hospital for treatment.

As the patients were carried off the street, Red Cross women gathered important information concerning the patient, and attached an identification card.

Meanwhile a gas pipe and a water pipe had broken, and these had to be fixed. Some electric wires were down too. The Fire Department and Emergency Crews were busy at work, controlling fires and clearing away the debris for public safety.

The complete operation was under the direction of Fire Chief J. N. Farmer who believed the air raid to have been a success, but he also saw much room for improvement.

These civil defense workers deserve a lot of credit. They need your help and should receive your support for the safety of the community and the state and America.

The Garden Clubs

By ANN POPE *and* KAY SCOGGIN

THE beauty of Petersburg itself was an important factor in obtaining the award for an All-American City. Due to the efforts and hard work of the women of Petersburg, it has become a beautiful place in which to live.

The women have formed ten active garden clubs, each one having a special project which adds to the attractiveness and appearance of the town. At the head of all the clubs in Petersburg is a Garden Council which is composed of two members from each club. This council helps to unite the clubs and to fulfill their sole purpose, "To beautify Petersburg". Each year the council gives flower shows and sponsors tours through local homes and gardens to raise money for its main project, which is the planting and landscaping of azalea gardens around Wilcox Lake. These azaleas add much color in their surroundings with their red, white and pink blossoms.

Each individual club also has a special project toward the beautification of Petersburg. They take various places in Petersburg and do what they can to make them more attractive. One club has the court house square as their project, and they have planted box bushes and grass seed there. Another club has Blandford Cemetery, and they have done much toward improving the appearance of the historic old graves and the area around the church.

These are only a few of the many accomplishments which these women have made, however perhaps most important is that they have become conscious of the fact that a neat, well-kept yard with shrubs and colorful flowers adds to the neighborhood and the town as well as to the appearance of their own property.

When Spring comes around, and the little flowers begin to open their buds, and the dogwoods and azaleas are in full bloom, we should be very proud of the women of Petersburg. They surely deserve a great deal of credit, for beauty is not just a word but something essential to every home, town and nation.

Organizations Contributing to a Better Petersburg

By MAYNARD MOORE

THERE are many organizations in town which contribute to a better Petersburg. There are all types with many different purposes. There are clubs for all ages, for all interests. There are clubs for public betterment, clubs for personal activities, clubs for charitable institutions, clubs for pleasures during spare time.

Yet there are more organizations in Petersburg than clubs.

Probably the foremost of all organizations is the church. Everyone will probably agree to the fact that the church is the oldest, most beneficial organization in the history of mankind. Churches have had more members on their rolls than all other organizations put together.

Petersburg has a great number of churches of all denominations. One of the foremost facts which gave Petersburg the honor of being named "the All-American City" was the presence of so many churches in Petersburg.

Almost all denominations are represented here. Most of our population is Baptist, but there are still enough church-goers left in all denominations to say that nearly all of our native population are listed on a church roll.

We have a large and very beautiful Catholic Church, two Jewish synagogues, and countless Protestant churches of all denominations. All these institutions, regardless of their beliefs, contribute greatly to the lives of the citizens of our fair city.

There are many secular civic organizations around town, also. They contribute, in a great manner, to the social and private lives of most of our inhabitants. Some of the foremost of these organizations, also do a wonderful work which often is not publicly acclaimed. The Kiwanis Club, Rotary Club, Lions Club, Junior Chamber of Commerce, and Optimists are only a few of these wonderful organizations.

Then, for the women of our town, there are the Federated Woman's Club and the Junior Federated Woman's Club, who do a wonderful job of sponsoring projects and activities for our citizens.

There are also many fraternal organizations in our city which were among the first of their respective orders in the state of Virginia. In the vast Masonic Organization, Blandford Lodge No. 3, for example, was chartered from England before an organization was set up in colonial America. There is the Shrine Club along with the Masons and Order of Eastern Star. The Masons sponsor our local Petersburg Chapter, Order of DeMolay, a fraternal organization for boys, and also

the local chapter of Job's Daughters, a similar organization for girls. There are also, in addition to these, the Eagles, the Moose, and the Red Men.

The Petersburg Y. M. C. A. sponsors the Hi-Y's and Tri-Hi-Y's at P. H. S. along with many other beneficial projects for the youth of our city.

The U. S. O. is second "home" for many of the servicemen stationed at Fort Lee. Its program provides wonderful entertainment and wholesome recreation and activities for the boys in the Armed Forces.

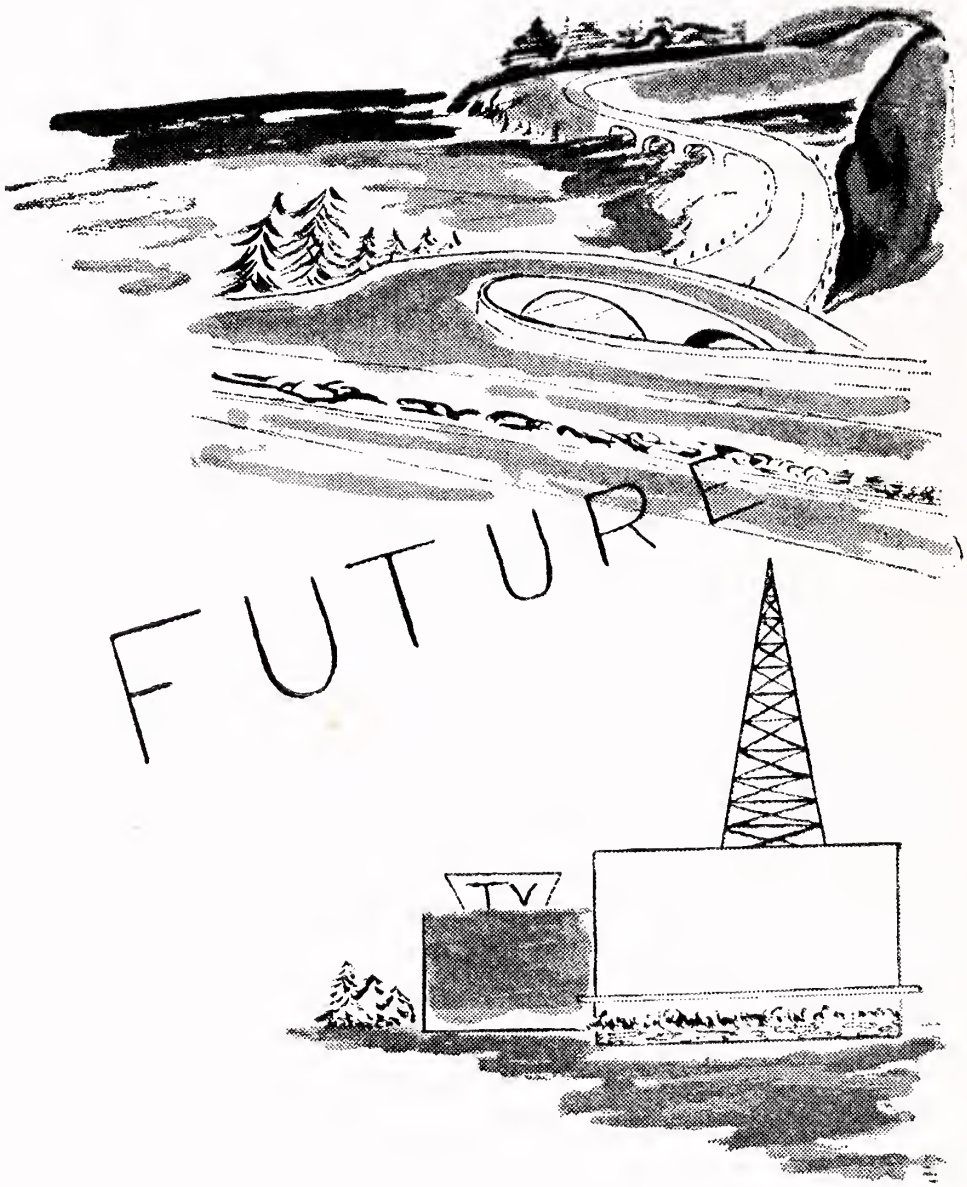
Our local Police Boys' Club steers youth in the right direction and gives boys a respect for the laws of our city, state, and nation.

There are many, many more organizations in the Cockade City which do a wonderful work, but are too numerous to mention. Only a few have been highlighted in the above article, but all do a great job.

Last Night

By MARGO HARTLE

Last night
I passed a lady's
Yard in which there bloomed
A lovely sight . . . roses in
December.


FUTURE
TV

Interview With Mr. Ash

By ANNE HUBERT GATLING *and* LAURA YATES

IF YOU had been in city hall one afternoon you would have seen us sitting very patiently in front of the desk of our city manager, Mr. Roy F. Ash. The topic of our interview was the future of Petersburg. Since we are the future citizens of Petersburg, this topic concerned us the most.

Our main interest was the new television station. Mr. Ash said that the Federal Communications Commission has given a local organization the okay to go ahead and build a television station in Petersburg. He said that it would operate on channel 8, and it will be located between here and Richmond.

A toy factory from Elkton, Maryland, which makes rubber and plastic toys has been to Petersburg. Mr. Ash said that they had established a corporation to begin to build.

"Bid opened January 27, 1955, for the new sewerage improvements and a contract has been awarded," said our city manager. Men will begin working this year. The pipes will run from the western part of this city to the Appomattox River. The treatment plant will be in Pocahontas County.

The future plans to bring forth two new storage tanks for the water supply, and in addition the plan to add fluoridation. This, we hope, will cut down our tooth decays.

Petersburg and Richmond together are going to build a toll road from the north of Richmond to the south of Petersburg. "This road," said Mr. Ash, "will improve traffic conditions. It will cost approximately three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars."

Won't it be fun to watch Petersburg grow? The future generations will find Petersburg as progressive and fine a town to live in as it is today. Yes, they too will be proud of this All-American City.

High Calling

By CAROL LAVENSTEIN

The man
Who has never dared,
Or climbed a mountain peak,
Or strongly loved, has yet indeed
To live.

Water Works Improvements

By PEGGY WILBURN

THE Petersburg Water Works, having been in operation for many years, has been designated by the bond issue to receive some improvements. These improvements will include some minor repairs to the building itself, and improvements in the machinery to purify the water; which will give better coagulation. This is also a small item.

The major item on the agenda for these improvements is the installing of a system for the fluoridation of the city's water. The setting up of such a plant has been greatly urged in recent years by dentists and medical authorities who know that it is a wonderful protection for teeth, especially those of younger children. Several cities in this state have installed such a plant with the results being approximately 25% less cavities in the children's teeth.

The money for this fluoridation system will be apportioned from the revenue bonds approved by the city's voters in the last November elections.

When this system is set up, there is much hope that it will greatly improve the welfare of the people, and will aid in the prevention of cavities and decaying teeth for children and adults as well.

Spring

By IRVING LEWIS

The maiden Spring awakens at last,
Throws off her blankets of snow;
A timid glance to the earth is cast,
Before she sets it aglow.

She dons her frock of delicate green,
Her ornaments of flowers;
Her hair's a halo, a golden sheen;
She walks in fragrant bowers.

Her whispering breath, her lingering touch
O'erflow the land with gladness;
Her enlightening presence is as such
That banishes all the sadness.

Television Station and Toy Industry

By ANNE GATLING *and* LAURA YATES

ABOUT two years ago the Petersburg Television Corporation (55% locally owned) and the Southside Television Company (100% locally owned) applied for a permit to operate a television station in Petersburg. The Federal Communictaions Examiner recommended the Southside T. V. Company, but when the case was brought before the Federal Communications Commission, they voted 3-1 in favor of P. T. C., just the opposite of the Examiner. The Southside T. V. Company applied for a rehearing since only 5 out of 7 members were present. This was refused. Now the Southside T. V. Company has gone to the Federal Court to get the Federal Communications Commission to reopen the case.

Although the outcome of the case hasn't been decided as this is written, the Petersburg Television Corporation plans to go ahead with its building sometime in the near future. They plan to build on the road to Richmond near the Hopewell turn-off. This television station will operate on Channel 8 and will be connected with a similar network as you receive on your television now. (NBC in August.)

A man was sent from a company in Elkton, Maryland, which makes plastic and rubber toys. He looked Petersburg over and has decided to build a toy factory here. The place hasn't been decided for the factory yet, but this will provide many new jobs for the unemployed. More information about the factory will be available soon.

The Grim Historian

By RUSSELL EARLY

The silence
Of sea or meadow
Is rest to weary souls.
But silence is sole recorder of heroes

Literary Section

The Bright Colored Feather

By ARLINE RILEY

DICK HARLAND was a pilot of a bomber in World War II. His plane, "The Gift of God," had been hit on the way back to the home base from a night bombing mission. Dick ordered his crew to jump while they still had a chance.

"What about you?" asked Bill Hardy, his navigator.

"I'm riding her in," replied Dick, coughing from the smoke and fumes, "now get going." Dick had vowed he would never leave his plane when she was in trouble. He was praying for all he was worth that he wouldn't crash behind enemy lines.

While he and his plane were plunging into a deep, dark pit of nothingless, Dick blacked out. Mainly because he was worn out mentally. He was tired of war! War! War! His life, up to that moment, flashed in front of him in the form of a dream. He worried mostly about Beth. She was a Navy nurse he had met six months before. Now, he didn't know where she was. She was shipped out three months ago, and he hadn't heard a word from her since. He even saw his brother Sam, whom he admired greatly.

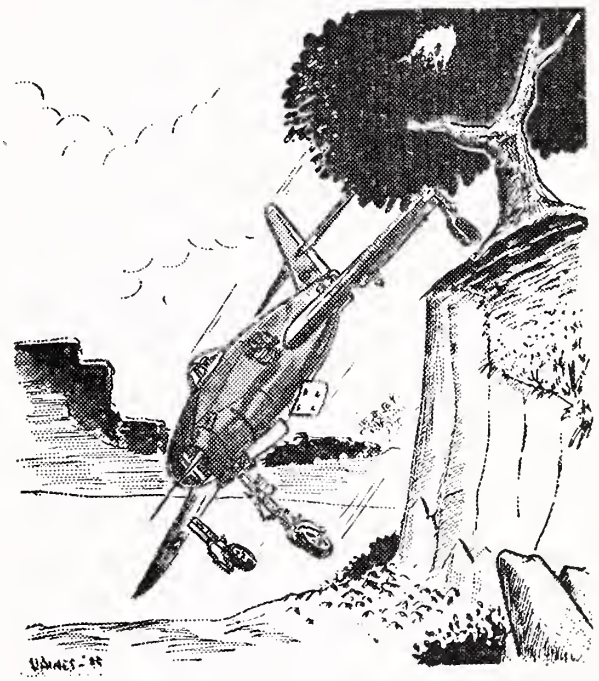
All of a sudden Dick awoke with a start. "Am I alive?" he whispered. "How? Why?" His head was bleeding, but he felt no pain. He tied his handkerchef around his head to stop the bleeding, then crawled slowly out of "The Gift of God." He looked sadly at the plane with its nose buried in the sand. Suddenly he laughed for the first time in months, for the plane reminded him of an ostrich. He looked around and all he saw was sand, nothing but sand.

Something said to him, "You might as well start walking somewhere. You'll die if you stay here and probably die if you don't. You've always liked to walk, so why don't you walk now?"

Dick started walking, not like a man facing death, but a man who had found peace at last. He even hummed a tune his mother taught him before she died.

He climbed a sand dune and stood on top to catch his breath. He wondered where he was and where all the horrors of war were.

"Halleluy'ah," he yelled. There before his very eyes were trees, birds, flowers, grass, and even a hill. "Now I know I'm dead," he exclaimed. He walked for about ten minutes, telling himself he was cracking up. He put out his hand and touched



a leaf or a tree, he smelt a flower and listened to a bird overhead. He hadn't seen anything like this since the war began.

A scarlet bird landed on his shoulders. Another, whose feathers were of splendid colors, looked at him questioningly. It looked like a woman who has just bought a new hat and was asking him how he liked it. Dick bowed and said, "Madam, your feathers are marvelous. Never before have I seen anything like them."

The bird flew away and as it passed over, a feather fell. Dick picked it up and put it behind his ear and walked on. The

scarlet bird was still on his shoulder.

He came to a hill and found a path, not very well worn, that led to the top.

"Are there people living here?" he asked himself. "This would be a paradise to live in because the trees provide most of the food and plenty of it. There are bread, fruit, bananas, coconuts, pineapples, wild cherries, and probably many other things around. Now, I have found another 'Gift of God'."

He followed the path to the top of the hill and was amazed by the beauty before him. There was a small valley surrounded by three hills. A clear stream came from the top of the opposite hill forming a waterfall of many colors, that played with the sun. It ran through the valley, winding and twisting like a child playing tag.

He saw an object under a tree by the fall; it looked something like a hut. He ran down the hill through the many colored, sweet smelling flowers. He stumbled and fell rolling over and over. The scarlet bird was screaming and flapping its wings for all it was worth. When Dick stopped rolling, he lay among the flowers and laughed at the scarlet bird. A slight breeze came skipping by, making the flowers laugh with him. He made a necklace of them as he had done when he was a child. The scarlet bird finally settled down on Dick's belt buckle with the bright colored feather in its mouth. It seemed he didn't want Dick to lose it. Dick took the feather and put the necklace around the bird's neck. Then the bird took flight.

"I guess he's going to show it off," said Dick rising slowly.

He walked over to the stream and saw some small fish. Then he realized he was hungry. He broke a small branch from a tree and sharpened it with his knife. "Guess I'll have to go back to the cave man's style of fishing," he said smacking his lips.

After a hard struggle, he speared three fish. "Matches!" he yelled. "Do I have any matches?" He went hurriedly through his pockets and found some in his shirt pocket.

After enjoying the fish he decided to investigate the hut. Along the bank of the stream he saw foot prints.

"There is human life here," he thought. Coming to the hut, he found it was made of dried grass. He went in and found a few cooking utensils and women's clothing. There was one green dress he examined very carefully. On the pocket was embroidered a B and a S.

He ran excitedly out of the hut calling, "Beth! Beth! Where are you? It's Dick! Beth, can you hear me?"

From the top of the third hill came a cry, "Dick, here I am."

He turned and there stood Beth dressed in white with her dark hair flowing behind her, and the scarlet bird on her shoulder.

"Don't move!" he shouted. "I'm coming up." He climbed and climbed. The more he climbed the steeper and higher the hill became. The sun went down and the moon came up shining only on Beth. Dick's foot slipped and down he fell into the black below.

. . . . . .

"We're too late," said Bill Hardy. "I thought he crashed somewhere about here. He has only been here a day and his body is still warm. His head is cut pretty badly. I guess he bled to death."

"I'm glad he didn't know the ship Beth was on was torpedoed," said Sam Harland. "Nobody survived," he said softly.

"Look what I found," said Bill, "a bright colored feather. Wonder where it came from?"

Trapped

By MOLLIE MCDONALD

THE SUN shone warmly on the lake and a gentle breeze blew through the leaves of the trees, which, now dropping to the ground, were a warning of the approaching winter. Nature's change of dress was not an offensive sight, for the shore was painted beautiful shades of crimson, orange, and yellow, which was a sign the trees were preparing themselves for the cold days ahead.

Being the middle of September, the lake was deserted except for the wood creatures, who spent their winters near the summer cottages, which now stood dejected and lonely on the shore. Both noise and gaiety had abandoned the cottages when their residents had left at the close of the summer season. No longer was there the happiness nor the shouts of the children at their play. No longer did the laughter that comes with youth resound on these forshaken shores. The lake was now deserted — forgotten — until another spring would bring the laughter and the gaiety again to echo throughout the summer months.

Suddenly the peaceful silence was broken by the sound of an approaching car, which, winding along the narrow road to the lake, was a warning to all the wood creatures to take shelter in the woods. Tom Henderson, a young, business executive in his early thirties, parked his sedan in front of the small, brown cottage, which he, with his wife and their two sons, occupy during the summer. Getting his bags and fishing equipment out of the back seat of the car, he whistled a gay tune.

"Come for a last weekend of fishing, have you, Tom?" the rustling leaves seemed to ask. "Come anytime. We have no right to restrict you — we have no rights at all! You enjoy us in the summer and the early fall, but when winter comes and snow lies on the ground, we are forgotten until spring returns. Yes, Tom, come anytime you please. It is not for us to say when you should visit us or leave us forgotten and alone."

The words of the leaves went unheeded by Tom, for he had already entered the

cottage and was busy trying to get in touch with his wife, Ellen on the telephone.

"Hello? Ellen, is that you? . . . I just arrived. . . . Yes, the weather's fine. Tomorrow ought to be a grand day for fishing. Tell the boys I'll bring them plenty of fish when I come home Monday . . . Yes, I'll call you tomorrow about five. Well . . . until then . . . I love you, Ellen. Good-by."

Hanging up the receiver, Tom rose from his chair beside the telephone and walked into the kitchen.

The sun was just rising the following morning when Tom arrived at his favorite spot for fishing. He anchored the boat and cast his line into the water. The air was brisk, but not too chilly — a grand day for fishing.

He had not been there long when he noticed the sky had become overcast. Hop-

ing the sun would soon return, Tom continued to fish, but, contrary to his belief, it began to lightning and thunder. Pulling up anchor, Tom started the outboard motor and headed for the dock, as he hoped he would make it before the rain began. As if luck was against him, his motor cut off in the middle of the lake and try as he would he could not get it started again. Having only one oar in the boat, he decided it would be best to head for Duffy's Landing, a deserted dock, which people only used on rare occasions, but which now was the nearest place to land the boat.

Tom tied the boat up just as the rain began. There was no shelter nearby, so he took the path leading to the cottage, which was not far away. The lightning increased as Tom ran down the path. The world seemed to be in a great turmoil of lightning and thunder. There was a sudden flash of lightning and then the sound of a tree falling to the ground and Tom heard no more.

When he regained consciousness, it was dusk and the storm had passed. Looking to the west, Tom saw a faint red glow which he knew must be the sunset. He had broken his watch when he had fallen, but, guessing the time by the setting sun, he decided he had about a half an hour to return to the cottage and call Ellen before she would begin to worry. It probably hadn't even rained in Pittsburgh; on account of this she might not know about the rain or how it might have delayed his call.

"You'd better hurry, Tom. Ellen will worry. Get on your feet and head for the cottage. Yes! Try to stand up, Tom—just try to stand up!"

The woods seemed to know something, something Tom didn't know, but something that amused them greatly.

When Tom sat up, a sharp pain shot through him. Then, and only then, did he realize his right leg was pinned under the tree he had seen falling that morning. Now he remembered how he had been knocked unconscious. The tree had been struck by lightning, which, falling, had hit him and thrown him to the ground beneath it. The force by which he had been hit had knocked him out. Suddenly he became panic stricken and trying to force himself to rise, he called to his wife, Ellen, to help him, but the pain was so great he passed out again.

Tom awoke with the smell of charred timber in his nostrils. Turning his head toward the west, he realized that the red glow he had seen earlier was not the sunset but a forest fire started by the lightning. Much to his horror, he saw the fire was headed in his direction. He also realized that if someone didn't find him soon he would burn to death. Out of sheer fright he began to beg and plead with the wood creatures, who were now running past him to safety, to help free himself, but they did not heed his plea and continiued their flight to freedom.

"Call to them, Tom. Ask them to help you — they, whose kind you have shot and killed for the sport of it. Ask them to save your life! Please, Tom! Beg God's woodland creatures to help you! Pray to God to spare you! Pray, Tom, pray!"

The woods around him seemed to mock and taunt him.

"Help me! Please, someone help me!"

Tom's words were to no avail as there was no one to hear them except the creatures of the woods, who knew not what he said, for they did not know his language.

His leg began to pain him again. He felt dizzy and, try as he might, he could not keep his eyes open. Soon Tom had slipped into unconsciousness again. There he lay, not realizing that each minute the fire was drawing closer and closer.

An hour later when Tom awoke, he could feel the heat from the fire. Opening his eyes, he saw it all around him, no more than five yards away. The wood creatures were gone, that is, all those who had made it safely through the fire. Tom was alone — all alone.

"It's bad to be alone, isn't it, Tom? We're alone in the winter just like you are now. It's awful to be alone."

The trees continued to taunt Tom in all his agony and pain. They seemed to receive a strange sort of satisfaction looking down at him, made helpless by one of their kind.

A line of grass grew along the side of the path. It was now dry, brittle, and easily kindled. A fiery branch from a tree not far away dropped upon it and it quickly caught flame, racing toward the fallen tree — and Tom.

There he lay, helpless, watching the fire eat up the grass as it came. There he lay with no one to call to for help, for no one was there. Helpless, hurt, and alone, he lay praying for someone or something to end this nightmare.

Looking above him, he saw the leaves of the trees catch fire. He watched as it crept closer and closer, jumping from tree to tree. The ones directly above him were on fire! Now even the ones past the spot where he lay! Soon the fiery branches would be dropping around him — on him. Soon — all too soon — his life would be no more.

"Fire! Fire! Everywhere I look fire! Don't burn me, fire! Please, don't burn me," Tom chanted.

His eyes reflected the fire around him. He was no longer afraid. The fire was pretty with its flames of red and gold licking the black sky. Tom was delirious now and the fire no longer frightened him. The trees had not won after all, for Tom liked the fire now. The pretty red and gold fire would never hurt him — never!

"They Told Me"

By EVELYN WYATT

'Tis said that flowers are human
And now I believe it's true;
For when I walked thru the garden
They told me all about you.

The pansies were gossiping grandmas
Gathered in a group;
They told me you'd never support me
On more than beans and soup!

The jonquils were frivolous flappers
Shaking their heads in woe;
"He'll flirt with girls," they warned me,
"And surely wild oats will sow."

But then I saw the lily
A pure young maiden and fair;
She said, "Have faith in your loved one
And your life will have never a care."

I Stand on Cliffs

By RUSSELL EARLY

I stand on cliffs o'erlooking a river wide
In dizzy height, as autumnal haze descends
On timbered woodlands that meet the lapping tide.
Above, the streaks of white against the blue
Suggest the splendor of dying, fading day.
The distant farmlands arranged in neat array
Lie under a blanket white, 'til spring awakes
The sleeping buds, all hid from wintry blasts.
Beyond the shore, the vessels winding their way
Are floating, silent worlds, alone in space.
The majestic pines do sway as stately figures
Against a lonely sky. Wild geese in flight
To regions south, fly in harmonious form.
And all is still, as if to keep in tune
With reverent hymns of autumn's whisp'ring winds.
Oh, to enjoy the free and open field
And never return to cities' vacant roar,
To sense the pulse of nature's flowing peace,
To live with God and have eternal soul,
Where man's fitful pause upon the weary stage
Is lost in time to more precious, higher worlds.

Signs of Spring

By SCOTTY STEELE

The whistling wind is singing a song
Announcing spring is coming along.
The blustry blasts of winter have past
And sleeping nature arises at last.

All around there are signs I see—
A roaming robin, a blooming tree;
Suddenly joy hits like a dart—
Spring is really within my heart!

Never Again

By BILL ROBERSON

DINNER PARTIES have always terrified me, so when I received an invitation to Mrs. So-and-So's party, naturally I decided to decline. I had received invitations before, which I had turned down, so this time I was informed that I was going. So, aided by maternal and paternal arm twisting, with numerous dire threats of what would happen if I didn't, I accepted. I was going, but I was going under protest.

At last the night of The Great Feast arrived. I was completely at ease and not the least bit nervous, so it surprised me to find I had put my pants on backwards and my shoes on the wrong feet. Other than this, nothing happened until I left the house. I tripped down the front porch stairs, literally speaking, and landed on the bottom step.

When I arrived at the lady's house I accidentally kicked over a plant. It was a something-or-other *muscipula*, sometimes known as a Venus Flytrap. As I bent over to set it back up, I swear the thing snapped at me.

Finally I stood in front of the door. It was a massive door looking like the ones that the medieval torture chambers had. I took one long last look at the "outside" world, took a deep breath, and pressed the door bell. It sounded like Gabriel's horn. The door opened and I was invited in.

Much to my surprise I entered a pleasant sitting room with chairs and a couch. I didn't see any thumb screws, stretching racks, or iron maidens as I had anticipated. There were ten people sitting around in the chairs and on the couch. Naturally I didn't know anybody; no one ever knows anyone at dinner parties.

I looked into the dining room and beheld a table which looked as if it were two miles long. There was a grand array of food which seemed to consist of such delightful dishes as broiled worms and southern fried skunk. There were twelve places set at the table and so much silverware that the manager of the Statler would have hung his head in shame.

After seeing this, I decided to leave. Just as I was about to get my hat and coat and make my exit, dinner was announced. Everyone proceeded to the dining room and stood behind a chair. Of course everyone had picked the wrong chair, so the hostess juggled us around for about fifteen minutes. Most of us wound up as we were at first. Our hostess walked to the end of the table and sat down. We followed suit, all, that is, except myself. I missed the chair. This brought to my flaming face and bowed head, looks that would have wilted a lesser person, but I had resolved to stick it out to the bitter end.

After grace, we began passing the food. Everything was all right until I spilled the gravy on me, the people sitting next to and across from me, and the food in front of me. This again brought wilting looks to me. Not a word was spoken during the meal and I knew that everyone was watching me. Starting from the outside, I slowly worked my way through the silverware.

When I came to the turkey I cut off pieces the size I usually ate, but after watching the other guests, I began to feel like a hog. The salt was in little round dishes, which looked like miniature sugar bowls, which I thought they were. So when I saw the other guests watching me when I put some in my tea, I thought something was wrong. The lemon, instead of being sliced, was already squeezed and the juice was in little gravy boats. Thinking it to be gravy, I poured some on my turkey. Needless to say, the meat

that I ate was quite different from the one that my fellow guests enjoyed. I just acted as if I always put salt in my tea and lemon juice on my turkey. Somehow I managed to get both of them down.

Finally dessert arrived. This consisted of a small bowl of raspberries with sweetened cream poured over them. Raspberries make me break out, but I ate them anyway. I itched for a week afterwards.

At last dinner was over and I stood up along with the rest of the guests. Somehow I turned my chair over and tripped a maid who was carrying a large tray of dishes. In the confusion I graciously thanked my host and beat a hasty retreat, vowing nevermore would I attend a dinner party.

God Revealed in Nature

By SUSAN ELLIOTT

I look around and see majestic beauty
Revealed by God to all who seek to find
Its worth. For He displays to us the trees
And flowers growing wild in fertile lands
Beside a murmuring brook. The complex leaf
With threadlike veins that seem to run askew
Oft makes me wonder who could be the one
To form a structure so complete. Without
The veins the leaf would soon be dead; without
The verdant leaves the tree would then become
A naked silhouette against the sky.
The flower flaunting brightly colored petals
Adds beauty to the world of nature; the air
Is filled with many fragrant scents that wander
To and far o'er the countryside
To many distant places. I marvel to see
Such handiwork, the mark of a perfect One
Who created every leaf and flower flawless
In each minute detail. Truly here
Is nature's proof of God.

My Fatal Night

By RUSSELL EARLY

ONE OF MY EARLIEST EXPERIENCES with members of the gentle and quite opposite sex shall never be forgotten. Whether or not a bit of over-sensitivity on my part was responsible for my everlasting remembrance of it, I cannot say. At any rate, I should say it is quite unlikely that fate could have possibly contrived more obstacles to lay in my path than it did on this occasion.

Weeks ahead I had telephoned the object of my affections and asked if she would consent to date me. Upon her affirmative answer a profound silence immediately descended over the wire. For want of experience in such delicate affairs, both of us were left speechless. Therefore, I immediately hung up, not even remembering to whisper a good-by as the conversation was thus terminated. To this day I am not sure she has totally forgotten the abrupt and now humorous ending to that telephone call.

For the ensuing weeks I carefully planned the strategy I would use on the night of the date. My first maneuver would be to adorn myself in my grandest attire. Then I would gather a few choice flowers from a plant arrangement in our living room to offer up to my darling. But then the master stroke was yet to come. I would even whisper how wonderful she looked as I met her at the door. This was sheer genius!

I had thought that we would go to the skating rink, which was about a mile and a half across town. Our means of transportation was to be my parents, who would drive us over. Indeed this was not the most satisfactory approach, but my poor pocket-book could not withstand the extravagance of a taxicab fare.

Finally the day arrived. As we left school at three o'clock, a few flakes of snow began to fall. By six o'clock it was quite apparent that a blizzard was in the making. However, undaunted by this crisis, I began to dress in my very best Sunday suit.

At seven-thirty I was completely clothed, even to the detail of a white handkerchief in my breast pocket, which I imagined distinguished all well-bred gentlemen, such as I, from a lower form of humanity. I then asked my parents to take us to the skating rink. Then the death sentence was pronounced! According to my parents it was snowing too hard for them to take us. Really, this was impossible.

As I arrived at the girl's doorsteps, which was a block away, I knocked uncertainly on the front door and waited for the girl to answer. Of course the girl, herself, and no one else would greet so important a guest as I. So, when her mother opened the door, I was totally flabbergasted. I managed to stammer, "G-g-good evening, M-Mrs. B—," and then proceeded to hand over to her the flowers intended for her daughter. So red-faced was I, over my ridiculous entree, that I do not remember, nor do I care to think of Mrs. B—'s reaction.

When the girl finally came downstairs, I weakly explained that we could not go skating, but I knew that she would enjoy seeing a movie. We found one picture which she had not seen and decided upon that one. Nothing really mattered now as I was too far gone to redeem myself.

We ploughed through ten inches of snow for six blocks, until we reached the theater. I started to give my money to the lady in the box office, when I discovered that no one was there. The movie had closed on account of the snowstorm. Had a convenient means of escape to China appeared, I would have seized the chance without the slightest hesitation. Thoroughly defeated I trod homeward in a gloom of silence. After she had thanked me for a most charming evening, I departed from the girl's house with the grim determination never to return.

Needless to say, it took several months for me to regain the confidence to sally forth on another such affair, which, by comparison, was highly successful.

Suspense

By FREDDIE CLEMENTS

"THERE's a boy on top of the water tower!"

"Where?"

"Up there, don't you see him?"

Sure enough, there was a small boy on top of the tower.

"He looks frozen, he's so still."

"He must be scared to move."

Excited conversations were rising from the rapidly growing crowd.

"Someone should get the firemen," a boy of about thirteen, said.

"I'm going to phone them now," a tall old gentleman replied.

"I'm going up!" The statement came from a small, wiry man near the tower ladder. "Somebody's got to go up fast or he'll fall."

"You ought to wait for the firemen," the thirteen-year-old boy argued.

"You must have firemen on the brain," a nearby onlooker countered.

The man was about half-way up the ladder now. The crowd murmured as he looked down and wavered a moment.

"Anybody got an idea who the kid might be?" a tough-looking man saked.

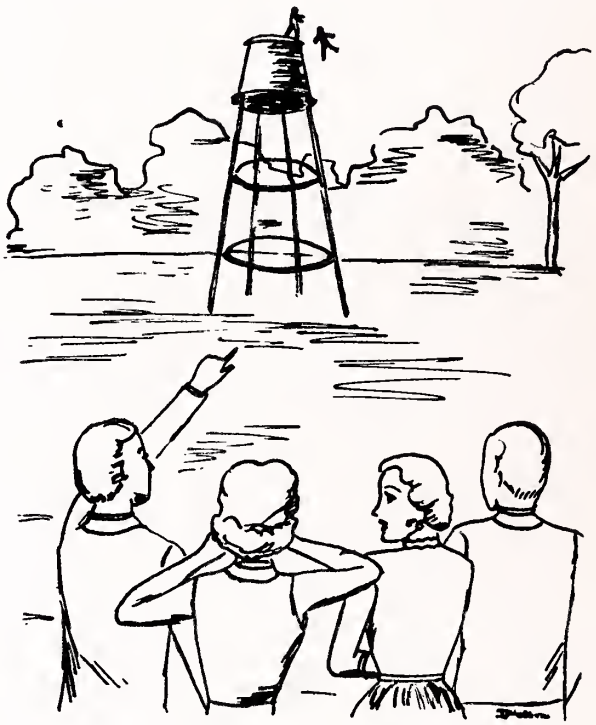
"Don't believe anybody can tell without field glasses from this distance," a well-dressed businessman replied.

The man on the ladder was about three-fourths the way up.

"Oh, how can he stand to climb all the way up there?" a plump woman gushed.

"Can't sit down and climb," somebody answered wryly.

"He's almost there!"



Silence. The crowd stood, everyone focusing his gaze upon the object of common interest.

Suddenly the man on the tower seized the boy and hurled him toward the ground! The astonished crowd pushed forward and gazed at the figure on the ground—a broken department store maniquin.

No Future

By NORMAN JACOBSON

WHY DOES the time pass so slowly? It is 1:15 and these dragging, creeping minutes are driving me to the ultimate in madness. I never realized that one could be so tortured by mental strain as well as physical. This retarded and abominable time is the curse of mental strain. If I could only sleep or relax! But who under such agonizing pressure could do such a thing? It is inevitable that, with such a stake at balance, my mind would be convulsed with terror. Such painful torture makes one wonder if life is worth living. Perhaps I could—. No, I mustn't! I couldn't think of resorting to such extremes. I must face the facts and be determined to protect my ego.

I was a wealthy banker in this city of about sixty-three thousand. My position was that of head of the First American Bank, the bank with the largest assets in this county. In recent years I obtained the better part of the bank's shares, this making me the holder of the controlling stock. Everybody in this closely knitted, prosperous, and industrialized city knew me, for I possessed a prominent position in this community. I accomplished a great deal for my firm since starting from the bottom when seventeen years old. I worked and struggled through many years of economical difficulty until appointed president seven years ago. Although I tried to live conservatively, I had already become categorized as a millionaire. I am but forty-two in age and my future, not essentially in banking but also in politics, had a tremendous potential. My political activity and wealth had given me considerable pull throughout this section of the state; however, it also produced many staunch enemies. It all matters little now. I was destined to this misfortune.

The multitude of the city's citizens respected me though, as a gentle, kind-hearted man who intended to enhance the conditions of the city. They knew how actively inclined I was in the church working for the youth of this city, the Community Chest, and numerous other civic affairs. They knew me as a man of the highest integrity and moral code. In fact, I was to be the next candidate for Congress for this section. I was, but under these unfortunate conditions, not now.

My family *was* considered one of the finest in the city. My two little boys and little girl *are* the swellest kids in the world.

My wife was a beautiful thirty-four year old blonde, who was generally referred to as the head of the higher society here. She was a fine wife. She was always so understanding and always came through whenever I needed her. There was only one failing which irked me constantly and that was she sometimes tried to tease me. She knew she was a social spark and capitalized on it whenever possible. She also knew that I got perturbed when her attraction was diverted away from me, usually toward some well-to-do industrialists. She really had no intentions of making me jealous, but she had to show that she was the life of the party.

Oh well, what's the difference now. No sense is reminiscing. It makes me feel all the worse. Ever since they locked me up

here in this dark, dismal, damp cell on the charge that I murdered my wife, I haven't done anything but go over and over, time and time again, the case presented by the prosecuting attorney, and try to find a loose end. But the evidence was so overwhelming that it almost convinced me, too, that I was the murderer. I pleaded and pleaded my innocence, but, judging by the faces of the jury, it seemed to be to no avail. Yes, they had a pretty substantial case against me, but I didn't do it! I swear that I didn't do it! I was framed! My life is ruined! I ought to kill myself! Why not? I could—. No! I must at least wait until the jury returns the verdict. I must settle down. These painful hours of stress are draining the life out of me like somebody did to my wife.

Who wanted to kill her? My worst political adverseries would not ever stoop so low as to murder. She was not greatly disliked by anyone. I occasionally got jealous of her, but never thought of harming her, because I loved her. It looked so obvious that the killing was my work though. Even my best friends testified that I was angry with her that night at the dance at our estate. I was and am not afraid to admit it; although I'd say that any man would be if his wife consumed too many and started showing off in an unusual way. Everybody knew she was behaving improperly and that I was becoming rather excited. True, I was excited and did have a slight quarrel with her. It amounted to little and was such a trivial matter. Throughout our entire eleven years together, I never so much as laid a hand on her. But then again, as someone stated in the trial, they heard us yelling indignant remarks to one another on the patio near the swiming pool and that my voice became vicious. We did throw a few hateful remarks, but I got disgusted and proceeded immediately to my bedroom, which is adjacent to the patio. I last saw my wife, when I turned around to look at her, while shutting my door. There she was sitting, glass in hand, right on the edge of the swimming pool. I presumed she would return to the party to continue her acting.

I simmered down considerably after sitting in my bedroom for several minutes thinking. I went to my bathroom to wash my hands and douse my face with cold water. Through my clumsiness, the water splashed all over my tuxedo. I thought nothing of it then, for in due time it would dry up so as to be inconscipuous. I took a towel and did the best possible to remove the better part of the water. I left the bathroom, threw the towel on the bed, and absent-mindedly forgot to turn off the lights and shut the doors of my room. With my mind preoccupied, I then nonchalantly proceeded to the patio, past the swimming pool, and into the living room. For some reason I did not know then, several people stared oddly at me. Probably it was the water that remained on me or perhaps it was possible that they heard our little argument.

I looked around for my wife in order to apologize to her. But she was nowhere to be found. I searched the living room, the dining room, the kitchen, and even the recreation room in the basement. I thought that she was either outside or in a bedroom and that eventually I'd run into her and extend my apologies. My time for an extended period after this was occupied talking among many of my friends in the recreation room. I hardly thought about my wife until a woman guest's voice screeched a yell of horror from above. With the greatest haste, I ascended the stairs to the first floor and ran to the patio where the entire party had gathered in a group near the swimming pool. I pushed my way through the crowd and finally, after shoving one of the young ladies aside, I saw there lying before me, soaking wet in her evening gown, hair flung wildly over her once beautiful face was my wife. Around her delicate neck were red impressions where fingers had apparently strangled her.

I hardly remember what occurred after that. The story of my actions that evening were related to the police. The fact that we were quarreling, my tuxedo was wet, the wet towel was on my bed, I was probably the only one on the patio, seemed sufficient evidence to the police to war-

rant booking me for the murder of my wife.

Why even think about it? It's too late now to save myself. I pleaded my innocence and my attorney defended me as skillfully as could be expected under such overwhelming evidence. The papers were giving me fifty-fifty odds on being sentenced.

It seems as if though the jury has been deliberating for hours, but my comprehension of time is so distorted. Right now it is 2:15. They have been out scarcely an hour and forty-five minutes. As these terrible minutes drag on, the pressure becomes worse and worse. Certainly they must have come to a decision already. I know they didn't believe my story in the trial after hearing the state's case. I didn't do it! I couldn't kill her! The stupid, asinine people don't understand that. What takes the jury so long? They don't have to torture me by letting me fight the horrors of imprisonment or death. All this is but a preview of all that awaits me.

Even if I was acquitted, there would be little future in my life. Wherever I go, whomever I see, I will be a murderer in their eyes. People always doubt even the jury when the evidence is so obvious. I can see myself walking down the street; every man, woman, and child whispering to their companions as they unceasingly stare at me. They will say, "There goes that rich banker who killed his wife, and because he was so wealthy, bribed his way out of trouble. He should have been strung up long ago." Nobody in the world would want to hire me, a man with such an infamous background. And just to think, a month ago I was a man of respect, a man to be looked up to, a man of genuinely fine qualities.

Then again, my children. They are not only wrecking me here, they are also wrecking my poor, innocent children who will be known as castoffs of a pitiless rat. Their future is almost as weird as mine.

No future is left me now in life. If they only knew the trials and tribulations which have accompanied me through life, the love for my wife and the children, and my sincerity in my testimony; they couldn't possibly pass a guilty sentence upon me. It has been over four hours since the seven men and five women left the courtroom. I still can remember seeing them glance half-sympathetically, half-bewildered, to me as I was yelling without restraint at everybody. The scene I created was distasteful; but once a person loses his control, it is difficult to judge the reactions.

The entire trial was full of strain for me, but these last hours are the worst, the ultimate, the apex of torture. Certainly the buzzer, signifying that the jury has come to a decision, will ring soon. It must! They must relieve the tension some way or the other!

Either way it is, guilty or not guilty, I will be wrecked for life. If found guilty, I will slowly rot away in a cell or die. I will be but a number, another mouth for the taxpayers to feed. If found not guilty, I will slowly rot away as a pauper, a has-been; will be indefinitely suspected as "that murderer." There is no use. Maybe He above will be sympathetic toward my poor soul. . . .

* * *

The following day the newsboys were in a lucrative business as they yelled at the top of their lungs. "Banker commits suicide before jury reaches acquittal verdict. New suspect apprehended."

The Crimson Wave in Review

By SUSAN ELLIOTT

WITH THE BEGINNING of the new school year came also the beginning of the radio program, "The Crimson Wave in Review." Through the previous semester I had been a part of the program introducing and interviewing an outstanding member of Petersburg High School of the week.

Having not the vaguest notion that I was to have the job again this year, I was approached one Thursday afternoon by my dear old friend, Maynard Moore. I knew when I saw him coming exactly what he would say. It would be, "Well, Susan, our radio program starts once more a week from this Saturday, and I know you'll just love doing the job again." I was almost right! There was one exception; he stated the "our" radio was to begin this Saturday, September 18.

"Maynard," I said, "'our' radio program is going to do no such thing. I don't have any part of the program now. Furthermore, with only two days' notice I won't possibly have time to work up any kind of interview. My own sister is getting married this Saturday, and with all I have to do—there would be no time to prepare it.

By much persuasion, however, that "I was the only person with the experience and knowledge of broadcasting," and that "nobody else can do it in such short notice," I found myself consenting to this wild plan. Whom was I to interview? No one but Spungy Swearingen, the captain of our football team, and Coach Randy Mallory. When was I to see them to plan this interview? Heaven only knew!

Saturday morning rolled around and I had done nothing to prepare my little questions. Luckily I awoke early enough to write out a brief outline.

It was then a mad rush to get to the radio station at 9:15. This would allow twenty minutes to settle matters with Spungy and Coach Mallory. Arriving just in time, WSSV's announcer kindly informed me I was an hour and fifteen minutes early! Oh, yes, this year's program was set an hour later.

Just think all this time to listen to such jolly programs as "Pet Brown Mule," including all the princesses, knights, and kings of fairyland, rather—Pet ice cream land! What fun!

Fortunately—for my ears were getting fatigued listening to this program—Maynard arrived early. But it was not until three minutes before going on the air that Spungy arrived—without the Coach. After my solemn inquiry concerning him Spungy replied nonchalantly, "Uh, he couldn't make it; he had an engagement out of town." That just suited things fine! Hurriedly I scanned my outline marking out all questions having to do with Coach Mallory.

As the program began I apparently still had the Coach on my mind, for I began, "This morning we have with us Spungy Swearingen, coach of our football team, etc." Oh, what a break I made! To make matters worse, I didn't realize what I had said until one of our records started playing. We were cut off the air, and immediately WSSV's announcer, Maynard, and Spungy broke out in peals of laughter!

During the course of my interview I was just preparing to ask another question when I let out a violent sneeze and dropped my outline on the floor. Over the air it must have sounded as if the place had blown up. Not that my long pause when I was recovering my paper went over very well either.

These things always happen to every one at one time or another, but why in the world they were all happening to me all at one time I'll never know.

Following the interview, a record began to play. Just then Maynard said to me, "Boy, this ad lib is really something."

"It sure helps," I said. We then realized the light meaning "on the air" had not gone off and our conversation was heard over the radio!

Maynard finally concluded the program, "Tune in next Saturday and hear our weekly program, 'The Crimson Wave in Review'."

I'm beginning to wonder whether he meant "weekly" or "weakly."

Procrastination's Rush

By ROBERT ELDER

DO YOU KNOW of some person or persons who could never be ready for anything on time? Let me tell you of one I know quite intimately. I know this fellow as well as an astronomer knows hs stars, and better than a burlesque comedian knows his cues. But then, there's no reason whatsoever in this whole wide world why I shouldn't, for this poor wretch is none other than myself.

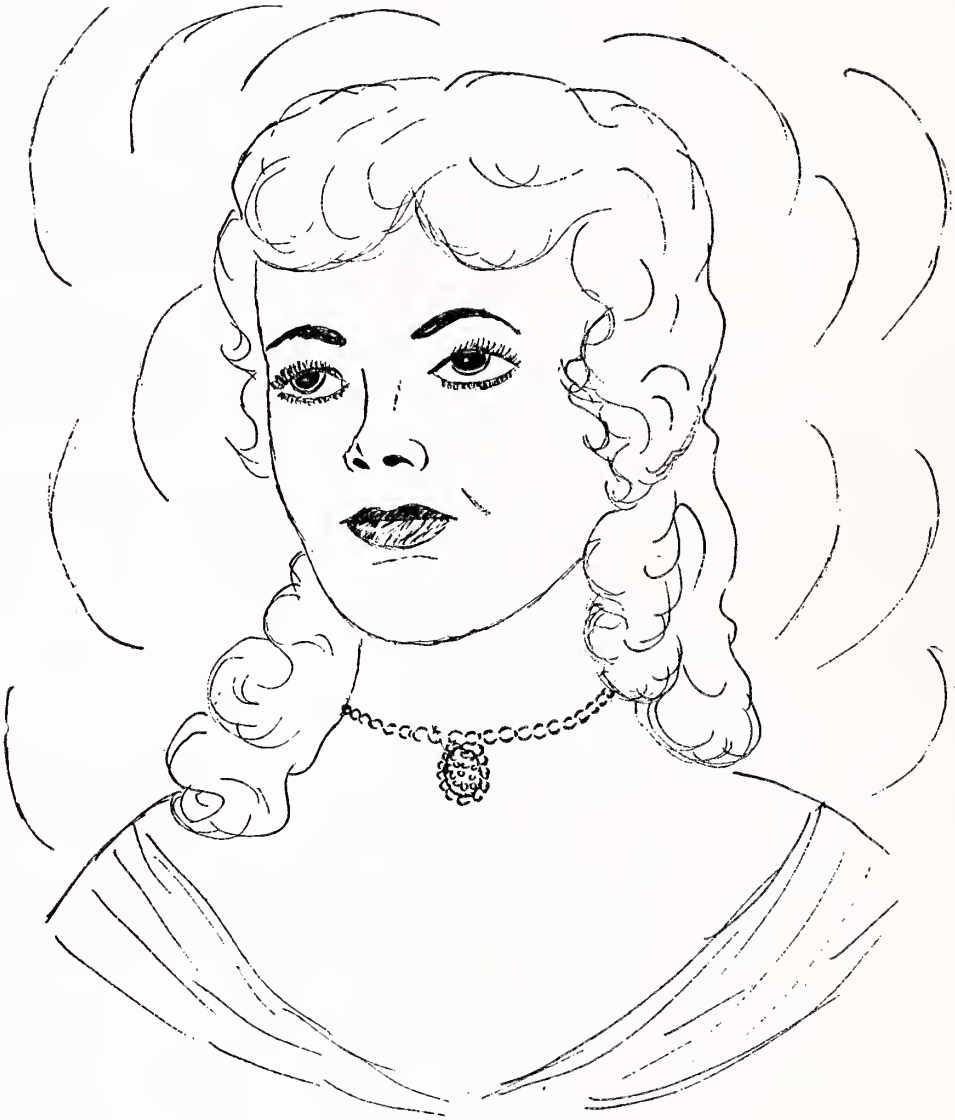
Even now at this very moment (while the midnight oil burns), I toil vigorously to catch up with that moment which has crept away from me and gone to a place which I cannot account for. For my English teacher has assigned that I should write an essay for the morrow. And now, after putting off this dread agony for one whole week, I, at the last moment, sit down to bring this awful task into reality. But, let it not be said, after I am finished, that this be not an essay; for here I have truly essayed, and if the word bear out its meaning, this bit of writing must be a success.

Sometimes I think it of myself that, if Saint Peter should beckon from the Golden Gates of Heaven, I should get there no sooner than few seconds after he had closed them, and with a profound look of dismay and disbelief, I should know that "I was late again"—as I was this morning when the bus left me stranded on the corner, just because I was a half minute late.

Have pity on wretches such as I, dear reader, for 'tis not we, but our fate, which always causes us to be late. Why, 'twas but a fortnight ago, when this harassed soul's punctuality was put to the test again. I had finally secured an appointment with a lovely young lady, whose courtship I had desired for quite some time. When I arrived, I found she had gone—for you see—I was late again.

But believe me, when I say, I was not always late on the scene; for once I had an invitation to my best friend's wedding, and arrived first, ahead of everyone. After waiting around the church for about an hour, the janitor appeared and informed me of my mistake—the wedding was the next day and not this one. Of course, the next day I was very prompt in being the last to arrive. I do so hope that this will not happen on my own wedding day, as I fear 'twould embarrass me greatly.

But now I must conclude this bit of nonsensical writing, but please bear in mind, dear reader, that this, also, was done at "procrastination's rush of the last minute," and may even yet be a late paper.



Lost Birthday

Lost Birthday

By EVELYN WYATT

ELIZABETH ANN THACKER was strolling down the narrow footpath that ran from her home down to the Potomac. Her mind was heavy with bitter thoughts, her brother fighting, the horrible war, General Lee's retreat, friends and relatives fighting on opposite sides. Would it never end?

The Civil War had been raging now for over three years—how much longer would it last?

So far her family had been exceedingly lucky. Those dreaded Yankee soldiers had not bothered them. A few days ago, however, they thought their luck had ended, because four scouts were spotted only two miles from her Uncle Harry's plantation, which adjoined "Fairfax," her home.

Elizabeth shuddered to think they had come so close.

Oh well, today she was going to enjoy life. It was a lovely day, the sun dancing merrily on the new leaves, and the delicate violets peeking from under the tall grass to catch the warm rays of sunshine. Yes, Spring was here at last. She shook his head as though by doing so she could rid herself of her morbid thoughts of the war. Today she was going to forget there was a war. In fact, she might even ride over to Uncle Harry's and Aunt Mary's plantation, as she hadn't seen them for over a week. There had been no sign of soldiers for several days, so her father had at last granted his permission for her to venture out alone.

Elizabeth walked briskly down the path, gathering up her long skirts so they wouldn't rip on the briars as she stepped.

Her mind wandered again and this time she determinedly thought of more cheerful things. Tomorrow was her birthday, she would be sixteen. Her brother, Jim, had promised to come and see her on this day of days if he were anywhere near home. They would have so much fun. Jim, her tall, handsome brother of whom her father was so proud, had left home eight months ago on his eighteenth birthday to join the army. How strange he had acted that day, but finally with much persuasion on her part he had promised to be home on her birthday. They had always shared their secrets and she was the only one who knew of his intentions to leave home.

Let's see, now—they could have a party, just as they did when they were small. Last year her birthday had been forgotten because the fighting was near and everyone was busy making bandages and melting metal to mold bullets, but this year her mother promised to make up for her lost birthday. Today she would tell Aunt Mary about her plans. She would probably allow "Mammy Julie" to make a cake.

Her thoughts suddenly vanished and her heart stood still. Perhaps she had imagined it. No— now she could hear it very distinctly. The snapping of twigs, the rustle of leaves. What must she do? Frantically she looked for a place to hide. Could the noise be made by the enemy scouts? The noise drew closer and closer. A rusty brown mare pushed its way out from behind a veil of leaves—neighed and trotted towards her.

Elizabeth laughed at her foolishness in thinking it could be soldiers. Wouldn't Jim tease her when he heard about her fright! It was probably one of Uncle Harry's new horses. It must have broken the fence again and escaped.

Elizabeth reached up as if to pat the the horse. Her breath caught in her throat for she noticed the saddle and blanket roll on the mare's back. The stirrup had been broken as though the rider had fallen and cut his foot free. There was fresh blood on the saddle and the blanket. Her head began to whirl as her imaginaton ran riot at the possible meaning of the

blood. The horse was branded "US" and was sweating as though it had been hard-ridden. Surely the rider wasn't far away.

What must she do? Go home, tell her father? Notify the Confederate authority a Yankee was roaming around in the woods? Yet the rider was most certainly hurt, maybe dying. He might have a wife and children. No, she would try to find him.

Elizabeth gathered up the loose hanging reins and led the horse back in the general direction from which she had first heard the noise.

The horse seemed to sense that the girl was trying to find its rider—for it daintily walked behind her winding in and out of the tangle of vines.

At first the noise sounded like the whine of an animal. Elizabeth finally realized it was a low moan of a human. The horse pricked its ears, whinnied, shook the reins loose from Elizabeth's grasp and trotted toward the sound.

Elizabeth gathered up her skirts and ran hastily after the animal.

The mare slowed down to a walk then stopped over the figure of a man. He was sitting on the ground with his leg twisted under him, quite obviously broken. The man's back was to Elizabeth. He wore a bloody Union uniform. Another groan of pain escaped from his lips as he wrapped his one good arm around the mare's neck and tried to raise himself and mount. He gasped, shuddered with pain, and slumped down into the grass. Elizabeth cautiously picked her way toward him. His arm was thrown over his face, concealing most of it. His forehead was a pasty white and beads of sweat stood on his brow. He trembled and this time the groan was more faint.

Elizabeth bent over him. Even though half-conscious, he sensed someone was near. He lifted his arm and slightly turned his head. A cry of anguish came from Elizabeth's throat. Why! Jim! A Union uniform! Now she knew why he had secretly left the house instead of waiting for his father's good wishes. Jim had always wanted the United States to remain as such.

Jim looked up and tears came to his eyes. His very expression said, "Don't tell dad." It would break dad's heart to know his only son was fighting against his own beliefs!

Elizabeth bit her trembling lip. After a moment she made up her mind what she would do. Go to the house, bring Jim's old clothes to him. Help him change them quickly. Father need never know. She mounted the horse, a difficult task in full skirts, and turned its head toward home.

Before she could even bring the horse into a fast walk, she was nearly thrown as the horse was frightened by the sound of a gun shot. The noise vibrated in the air, then there was silence.

Elizabeth dismounted and ran back to where the still figure lay. Oh Jim! Why did you do it? Father would never have known. You would have gotten well.

Jim had almost kept his promise. Tomorrow was her birthday—another lost birthday.

Parade Rest

By BESS DUPUY

IN A FEW MOMENTS I will be marching, marching in my first parade. It's unfortunate that it has to be the Fourth of July parade, but one can't have everything.

I wonder if Bill will watch the parade. Probably not. He hardly speaks to me now. Perhaps he will want to see the parade, though. No time to think about Bill now. I must start marching. Phooey! I can't even remember to start on my left foot.

I'll have to stop throwing my arms so high. Everyone knows I can beat a drum, even if I can't do it well; besides I'll wear myself out before I get to an audience. There's nobody around here to see me except other bandsmen and they don't give a darn whether I raise my arms or not. (As if anyone else does.)

We're turning the corner now. In a minute I'll be marching down Main Street. There'll be people there. Have to be on my toes. Have to watch June's toe now as she makes the turn, so I can put mine in the same spot. Nothing like sharp corners! There! That's accomplished.

I should pay attention to the drumbeats now. John called the new one and I didn't even notice. Now's the time to throw my hands high, but how can I show off if I don't even know what I'm supposed to be playing?

Man, it's hot! Why on earth does Mr. Roberts make us wear these heavy, horrid coats? Of course the pretty blue things look good, but it won't look good to have kids droppng like flies from heat strokes. I wonder what that would look like? Well, there's no use being hot now, I still have six blocks to go. If I'm hot now, what on earth will I be like then?

There's the signal for the roll-off. I wonder what piece is up? How does everyone know what to play? Good, it's the school song! I know that. I wish the drummers could have music to go by.

O-oo-h, it's hot! I would give anything (almost anything) to be able to wipe the perspiration off my face. I bet I look a sight.

We're getting into the business section now. I wonder if I'll see anyone I know?

Susan and Betsy will be here, so will Daddy—or at least he'd better. I hope we'll be playing a piece when we get to them. On second thought, I hope we're not. I can play the drum beats better than the pieces.

Here we are at Elm Street. If Bill is seeing the parade he'll be here. I don't see him. He might be at the beach.

I just must pay attention to June. I've gotten out of step again. I wish I didn't have to march behind her. Her steps are so irregular. I like it better when the boys in the color guard are marching in front of this rank, but they have to be in front of the band.

I wonder what it's like to faint? This headache I have bothers me. It's not pleasant.

Oh, goody! There are Susan and Betsy with Daddy. We're playing music for them, too, even though I can't play it well.

I'm about to roast. My shirt feels soaked. The temperature will probably go over a hundred today, maybe it already has. It feels like it. My head throbs something awful. Only two more blocks to go. *Only* two blocks? It seems like a thousand.

Bill wanted me to quit the band. He said that marching would just about kill me, and he's just about right.

Left, right. Arms higher. Left, right. One block to go. Left, right. New drum beat. Left, right. Beat, beat, beat. Left, right. That's all.

Oh, my head! Where's Joyce? Have to find her. Can't faint in the middle of the street.

Joyce! Joyce! I must get to the sidewalk. There. At least I won't fall in the street. Where is Joyce? She'll take my drum. Can't fall on my drum. No time for Joyce. Take my drum off. Put it down.

I hate fainting . . . the lights . . . the blackness . . . the blackness . . . it's closing in . . . what will Bill say? "I told you so!"

Mr. Poe's Old Raven

By HOPE BULAY

Mr. Poe, come get your ole black raven.
Company like his'n I sure ain't cravin'.
If I'd known it was him when I heard the knocking,
I'd still be in my chair a-rocking.
I tell you, Mr. Poe, "He done got educated."
And the things he can say makes me mighty aggravated.
Now that "nevermore" stuff might a started you to writing,
But I'm pretty much afraid it'll start me to flighting.
Everytime he opens that "nevermo'e" bill,
My backbone spine gets a bran' new chill.
When he flaps his wings, my ole heart flutters
And I wish he'd fly right through them shutters.
But dat ole crow, he just sits on de do'
And when I turn up my bottle he says, "No mo'e."
Mr. Poe, come get him, I want to go to bed.
And I'm a-fearing I can see him when I kiver up my head.

A Memory

By VIRGINIA MANN

Yesterday when youth was light and gay
And little caring what might come along,
We laughed and shouted at the blush of day.
We greeted spring with rowdy bursts of song.
Each day unveiled an unexpected joy;
We were so young, so young and unconcerned.
The lovely girl, the joyous, madcap boy
Uninterested in why this wide world turned,
Each went our way in innocence and love.
The future lights gleamed brightly in our eyes.
We only sought the things which lay above;
These were the days with hope that never dies.
Today the lights are dim and youth has gone;
Our happier days have vanished with the dawn.

Hope

By HOPE BULAY

I am the promise of tomorrow;
I dwell in those who pray;
And if you hold fast to my hand,
You'll never lose the way.

I comfort the heart of those who wait
When life and death are gambling.
I guide the wanderer's way toward home
When he is tired of rambling.

Up to success, I will take you;
We'll look down on failure's plight.
Then you will come to know me well—
The hope that leads one right.

Advertisments

Cathy and Polly

"I bought a camera today, Cathy, to take along on our vacation."

"Our first year with the telephone company has been such fun."

"And now we're getting a vacation with pay . . . it's good to count on that nice check every week."

"Let's tell our graduating friends to find out all about well-paying, interesting telephone jobs."

The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company of Virginia

Hurry out to . . .

RAINBOW DRIVE-IN

FRIED CHICKEN — ITALIAN SPAGHETTI
HOMEMADE ICE CREAM
HOT MEALS — $.85 UP

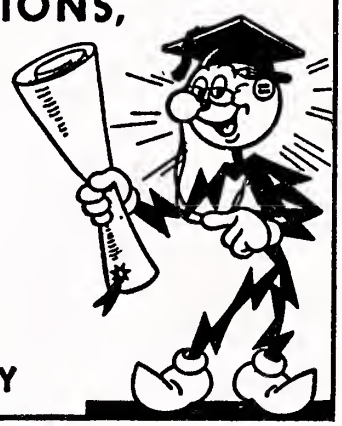
Curb Service

PHONE RE 3-6919

3631 Boulevard Colonial Heights, Va.

CONGRATULATIONS, GRADUATES!

Yes, you'll always find your old friend REDDY KILOWATT at the head of the line to congratulate you, and wish you every success!



VIRGINIA ELECTRIC AND POWER COMPANY

SMITH'S

Cigar Store

Compliments of

Walnut Hill Hardware Co.

2010 S. Sycamore St.

PHONE RE 2-4029

Compliments of

Kirkpatrick Drug Co.

950 S. Sycamore St.

PHONE

RE 3-7711 or 3-7712

We Deliver

Roper Building Supply Corporation

LUMBER — MILLWORK

"We Supply the Builder"

Phone RE 2-9321

Compliments of

C. F. Lauterbach's Sons

Jewelers and Silversmiths

122 North Sycamore Street

Phone RE 2-7802

Petersburg, Virginia

C. F. SCOTT, Inc.

Real Estate and Insurance

14 EAST TABB STREET

Compliments of

Petersburg - Hopewell Bus Lines

GET THE BEST, GET . . . .

Southside VENDING MACHINE CO., Inc.

Automatic Phonographs, Scales and Amusements

Phonographs rented for private parties

USED RECORDS – Very Cheap

45 & 78 RPM

308 N. Sycamore St. **Phone RE 3-8420**

Petersburg, Virginia

DODGE — PLYMOUTH — DODGE TRUCKS

Ted Curry Motors, Inc.

SALES — Phone 2-3811 — SERVICE

19-27 N. Union St. Petersburg, Va.

BANQUET ROOM AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE PARTIES

Whitmore's Restaurant

"Best Food in Town"

Telephone REgent 2-8941

29 S. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Butterworth's, Inc.

Quality Furniture

415 Boulevard

Telephone RE 2-4256

Colonial Heights Virginia

Compliments of

JOHNSON & CO.

FUEL OILS

Parham's Texaco Service

1901 Sycamore St.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

GAS — OIL — WASH — POLISH — LUB.

Here is hoping that you pass,
But don't pass by our office.

Say it with REAL — ESTATE

The* — JOHNSON — *Boys

11 W. Tabb St. RE 3-7817

DALTON'S Jewelers

Don Voshall's

Lieutenant Run Service

900 SOUTH SYCAMORE ST.

Phone RE 2-9846

Compliments of

Leonard's Hardware

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Congratulations . . . .

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

WE WISH YOU SUCCESS IN ALL OF YOUR FUTURE UNDERTAKINGS

Deposits Insured up to $10,000.00
2% Interest Paid on Savings

THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

Main Office — 147 North Sycamore Street
Drive-In Teller — Corner East Tabb and Monroe Streets
Walnut Hill Branch — 1933 S. Sycamore Street
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

COMPLIMENTS

Remmie Arnold Pen Co.

PENS — PENCILS
BALL PENS

Clayton Oldsmobile, Inc.

JOHN L. HACK, *Sales Manager*

SALE — SERVICE

Phone RE 3-3773

Colonial DRIVE-INN
RESTAURANT
THE PLACE WHERE FRIENDS MEET TO ENJOY GOOD THINGS TO
EAT
Locally Owned and Operated by
DICK LANE and HOWARD JONES

Standard-James, Inc.
"For Better Shoes"
124 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

CONGRATULATIONS SENIORS!
Walnut Hill Barber Shop
1952 S. Sycamore St.

L. W. T. Bulifant, Inc.
Insurance of All Types
INSURANCE CENTER
38 Franklin St. Medical Arts Bldg.

Compliments of
Builder's Supply Co. of Petersburg, Inc.
"Everything to Build With"

ROSE STUDIO
COMMERCIAL AND PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHERS
Serving Petersburg and Southside Virginia for over a quarter of a century
124-A N. SYCAMORE ST. PHONE RE 2-6818
over Standard - James Shoe Store

Phone RE 2-5618

Lawrence Corporation

Paints, Wall Paper and Glass

No. 9 North Sycamore Street

Petersburg, Virginia

Follow the Shopping Center Arrow to . . .

COLONIAL FLOWERS

FLOWERS AND GIFTS

Night RE 2-5409 - *Day* RE 3-3107

130 Pickwick Ave.

COLONIAL HEIGHTS, VA.

"Complete Personalized Floral Service"

T. S. BECKWITH & CO., Inc.

125 North Sycamore Street

Stationers to Petersburg High School Students

Since 1870

FEAZEL AND SWEARINGEN, Inc.

Fire and Automobile Insurance — Real Estate

PHONE: REgent 3-6986

104 Pickwick Avenue Colonial Heights, Va.

Compliments of

CAVALIER BUICK, Inc.

BUICK

DYNAFLOW DRIVE

109 N. Market St.

CONGRATULATIONS

Colonial Heights Drug Store, Inc.

135 PICKWICK AVENUE

Dial RE 3-9822

FOR DRY CLEANING, RUG CLEANING AND STORAGE

Dial RE 3-8441

Crumpler Cleaners

906 Boulevard Colonial Heights

Pick Up and Delivery Service

RAY'S

Hair Styling

132 Pickwick Ave.
COLONIAL HEIGHTS, VA.
Phone RE 3-7039

L. G. Balfour Company

ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

Leading Manufacturers of
Class Rings and Pins
Commencement Announcements
Diplomas, Medals and Trophies

Class Rings and Commencement Announcements for the Seniors of Petersburg High School are BALFOUR-MADE.

Compliments of

NOLDE BREAD

PETERSBURG'S NEWEST INDUSTRY

HEARTY GOOD WISHES FOR

SUCCESS!

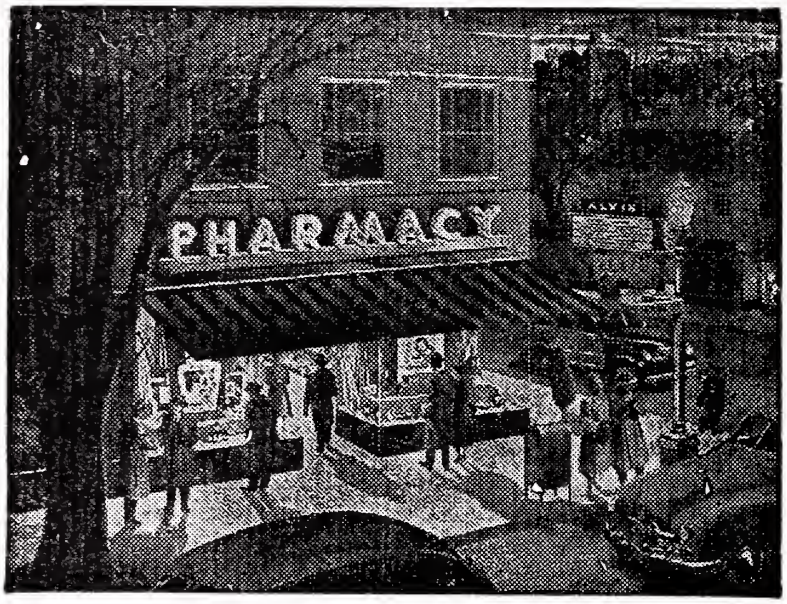
FROM

PETERSBURG SAVINGS AND American Trust Co.

"THE BANK WITH THE CHIME CLOCK"

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

1855 PETERSBURG'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY 1955



The most important thing in this store *is something you never see.* What is it? *It's your pharmacist's professional knowledge and technical skill.*

It takes years of study in college and then he must pass the state board of examiners. He must have a knowledge of many sciences. Get better acquainted with us. Trade with us. We can be relied upon in all circumstances.

O. P. HARE

DRUG COMPANY Inc.

Petersburg's Prescription Pharmacy

Celebrating Our 100th Anniversary — 1855 - 1955

Dial RE 2-4312 or RE 2-4313 — Two Listed Phones

130 SOUTH AVENUE PETERSBURG, VA.

Compliments of

THE BANK OF COLONIAL HEIGHTS

THE COMMUNITY BANK

123 Pickwick Avenue Colonial Heights, Va.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Parks School of Dance Arts

All Types of Dancing

for All Ages

Baton Twirling

141 N. Sycamore St. Phone RE 3-4531

Gray's Drug Store

(Downtown Prices with Neighborhood Service)

PHONE RE 3-7711 WE DELIVER

RCA – VICTOR – ZENITH
TELEVISION AND RADIOS

Carr's Radio Shop

Petersburg's Pioneer Dealer

Electrical Appliances
Sales and Services

31 S. Sycamore Street

Prince Robinson

MODEL LAUNDRY and

DRY CLEANING

Compliments of

NORTHROP'S SPORTING GOODS

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Kirk's Super Market

Choice and Prime
STEER BEEF

Cor. Wythe and Jefferson

Compliments of

Virginia Lens Company

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

MARK E. HOLT

OPTOMETRIST AND JEWELER
218 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET
Petersburg, Virginia
RE 2-3551

One of Petersburg's Optometrists Since 1915

R. S. TERRIE & CO.
INSURANCE

9 W. Tabb St. RE 2-7517
Petersburg, Virginia

JOHN H. CATO, JR. *Manager*
WM. W. CATO *Asst. Manager*

SPERO'S

"The Store of Fashion"

University of Richmond

Richmond College, Raymond B. Pinchbeck, Ph.D., *Dean*
Westhampton College, Marguerite Roberts, Ph.D., *Dean*
The T. C. Williams School of Law, William T. Muse, S.J.D., *Dean*
Graduate School, B. C. Holtzclaw, Ph.D., *Dean*
School of Business Administration, F. Byers Miller, Ph.D., *Dean*
Summer School, Edward F. Overton, Ph.D., *Dean*

Summer Session opens June 13; Winter Session September 12, 1955

GEORGE M. MODLIN, *President*

– VISIT –

Goins Barber Shop

TO LOOK YOUR BEST

Colonial Heights 636 Boulevard

Winfield & Aldridge Insurance Agency

Telephone RE 3-9831

Complete Insurance Service

25 Wythe Street Petersburg, Va.

Rucker Rosenstock

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Southside Virginia's Most Complete Department Store

132 N. SYCAMORE ST. PHONE RE 2-8111

Phone RE 2-3981

HOWERTON & WILLOUGHBY

Preston Howerton Willie Willoughby

Opticians and Jewelers

Eyeglasses - Watches - Diamonds
Jewelry

7 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Jordan Motors, Inc.

Chrysler - Plymouth Dealers

130-132-134-136 Bollingbrook St.

Phone RE 2-8441 Petersburg, Va.

PIANOS — New and Used
CONN and BUESCHER
BAND INSTRUMENTS
WURLITZER ORGANS

Bristow Music Co.
14 Franklin Street

YOUNG - HARRISON

CLOTHIERS OF DISTINCTION

22 North Sycamore St.

RE 2-7132

Compliments of

POOLE'S ELLERSLIE DAIRY, Inc.

"Your Choice for over Quarter Century"

PHONE RE 2-7342 413 PORTERVILLE STREET

THE GLOBE DEPARTMENT STORE, Inc.

EXCLUSIVE READY-TO-WEAR

FLOWER MART

Telegraph Service

27 S. Sycamore St. Phone RE 3-4028

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

"The Old Reliable" *Established 1887*

Petersburg Furniture Company, Inc.

HOME FURNISHINGS

"Your Credit Is Good"

100 N. Sycamore St. RE 3-4402

BEN HILL, *Florist*
INCORPORATED
FLOWERS AND GIFTS
12 North Union Street
Near Corner of Washington Street
Phone RE 3-3617 Petersburg, Va.

Blue Ribbon Super Market
G. M. and J. W. KVASNICKA
Props.
26 Halifax St. Phone RE 2-8851

For the best in Prescriptions and Drugs . . .
ROSE'S Rexall Drugs
TELEPHONE RE 2-3535
PROMPT DELIVERY
Sycamore and Washington Sts. Petersburg, Va.

LUBMAN'S
LADIES' — MEN'S — BOYS' WEAR
231-233 North Sycamore St.
Phone RE 3-9731 Petersburg, Va.

The Monument Mobilgas Station
HENRY BRIGSTOCK, *Prop.*
S. Sycamore St. and Crater Road
Phones: RE 2-3961 and RE 2-9831
Cars called for and delivered

KENT'S FURNITURE COMPANY
INCORPORATED
"DEPENDABLE FURNITURE SINCE 1897"
PHONE RE 2-8821
Petersburg Virginia

SEALTEST ICE CREAM

DULANY FROZEN FOODS

Shorty's Home Delivery

Phone RE 3-7171

The FASHION

Ladies' Wearing Apparel

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Sweaters,
Skirts, Millinery, Hosiery, Lingerie

Phone RE 2-6518

312 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Compliments of

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Compliments of

Albert's
JEWELERS

148 North Sycamore Street

Powell-Cole
Stationery Co., Inc.

Engraving
Wedding Invitations and Announcements
Visiting Cards
Books and Stationery

11 NORTH SYCAMORE ST.
Phone RE 3-6571 Petersburg, Va.

MASTER CHEVROLET SALES, Inc.

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet – Cadillac

Compliments of

Sylvia Hat Shop

JORDAN BROS.
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Fine Diamonds
Gorham - Alvin
International Silver
HAMILTON - ELGIN - BULOVA
GRUEN WATCHES
123½ N. Sycamore Street

Compliments of

Scoggin Appliance Co. Inc.
FRIGIDAIRE APPLIANCES
24 South Sycamore Street
PHONE RE 3-4652

MOLLOCK'S
"Better Men's Wear"
PHONE RE 2-3041
139 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

HERFF-JONES COMPANY
Manufacturers of
PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL CLASS RINGS
Furnished through
MARK E. HOLT, *Jeweler*
Virginia Representative
JAMES L. DECK
300 E. Main Street Richmond, Virginia

STATIONERY AND PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES–

Wm. E. Lum, Jr., Inc.

Open Evenings Till 9 P. M.

15 North Sycamore Street Petersburg, Virginia

A & P Bakery

W. W. PRITCHETT, *Prop.*

35 South Sycamore Street

J. C. Penney Company

INCORPORATED

Where Southside Virginia

Shops and Saves

J. R. GARLICK

CERTIFIED WATCHMAKER

All Work Guaranteed

22 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Compliments of

SANDLER'S

113 N. SYCAMORE ST.

RUCKER'S, INC.

2017 South Sycamore Street Telephone RE 2-7321

Petersburg's Most Distinctive Furniture Store

SPECIALIZING IN INTERIORS

Stevens & Maclin

"The Record Shop"

31 West Washington Street

Largest Stock of Records
in Southside Virginia

Hess-Jeweler

"The Best for Less"

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS

208 N. Sycamore Street

Phone RE 2-8131 Petersburg, Va.

Story's Beauty Shop

222 Suffolk Ave.

COLONIAL HEIGHTS

Phone RE 3-7835

BLUMENTHAL'S

SODA — CIGARS — CIGARETTES

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

NOVELTIES

Phone RE 2-6541

101½ N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Bentz Paint & Wall Paper Corporation

BRUSHES — GLASS — OILS

Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes

PHONE REgent 2-5431

23 West Washington Street

James A. Rosenstock

"Smart Men's Wear"

Phone RE 3-9412

107 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Compliments of

Walnut Hill Food Service

R. A. CONDREY, Prop.

Petersburg, Va. RE 3-5758

THE OAK—

"Sells Everything"

400 NORTH SYCAMORE ST.
RE 3-9031
IRVIN L. DORSK, Owner

Compliments of

PETERSBURG'S FORD DEALER

NEW FORD CARS — TRUCKS
FARM TRACTORS AND IMPLEMENTS
ESSO PRODUCTS — GENERAL TIRES

PETERSBURG MOTOR COMPANY, INC.

31 Years Your Friendly Ford Dealer

90 YEARS

WORKING WITH
AND FOR PETERSBURG
AND THIS AREA .. .

Growing faster now than during any previous period

The Progress-Index

"Southside Virginia's Daily Newspaper"

FURNITURE of DISTINCTION

HOTPOINT APPLIANCES

LOVE-HUDGINS, INC.

19 N. Sycamore St. RE 3-7102

HAROLD'S PASTRY

405 Blvd. Colonial Heights, Va.

Phone RE 2-3289

BLACKWELL SMITH

DRUG COMPANY

"Prescription Specialists"

Corner Washington and South Streets

Telephone RE 3-4242

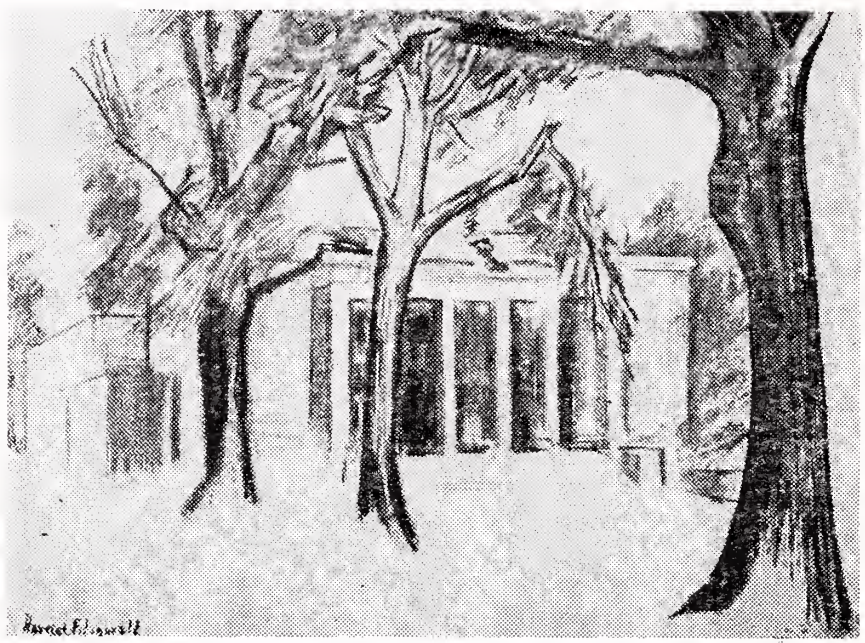
Petersburg, – Virginia

1830 1955

Randolph-Macon College

Ashland, Virginia

An accredited liberal arts college for men with
a national reputation for the success of its graduates.



Blackwell Auditorium

Information may be secured from

William Alexander Mabry,
Dean of Men and Director of Admissions

RADIO STATION

W S S V

. . . 1240 On Your Dial

Compare PET With Any Other Ice Cream

PET
ICE CREAM
"a health food"

Taste The Fresh Cream in PET Ice Cream

FLOWERS SCATTER SUNSHINE–

A.G. Smith & Sons
FLORISTS

Downtown Office–32 E. Washington Street Flowerphone RE 2-6111

DRINK

Coca-Cola

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IN BOTTLES

Petersburg Coca-Cola Bottling Works, Inc.
1417 West Washington Street
Petersburg, Virginia

Chamberlains
Clothes
106 N. Sycamore St.
SUITS, SLACKS, AND SPORT COATS

ROAD SERVICE
PICK-UP AND DELIVERY SERVICE
MUFFLER AND TAILPIPE INSTALLED
ENGINE TUNE-UP — BRAKE WORK

Williams Bros.
Gulf Station
SAMUEL AND CHARLES WILLIAMS
PHONE RE 2-9455
1924 South Sycamore Street
Petersburg, Virginia

Printers of everything !

programs

stationery

calendars

newspapers

brochures

fraternal proceedings

catalogues

business forms

PLUMMER PRINTING COMPANY, Inc.

122 W. Tabb St. REgent 3-7373 Petersburg, Va.

GOOD GAS SERVICE MAKES WARM FRIENDS

CONGRATULATIONS, GRADUATES!

Although now, you are graduates, you can do a great service for the rest of us, if you never cease to be students — looking for opportunities and ways to cherish the American system of free enterprise and to improve the American way of life. You can be thankful for free schools in a country where you are free to worship and work and think and talk as you please. This is your heritage from the people who built America.

THE FUTURE is pretty largely in your hands — you must be vigilant and active to combat the evils of socialism, government domination of private industry, and all the "isms" that destroy democracy. We depend upon you to do a good job.

GOOD LUCK!

The Petersburg and Hopewell Gas Company

FRANCIS K. GODWIN, *President*

GOOD GAS SERVICE MAKES WARM FRIENDS

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
PETERSBURG VIRGINIA